

IMPROVEMENT ERA



MAY, 1924

Vol. 27

No. 7

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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Mother

Your hair has faded, mother dear, And darker roads that beckoned me,
 From gold to silver gray; To lie, to steal and cheat,
But in your eyes that little spark I might have gone, could you not see
 Of love, I see today. My life lay at your feet.

It means that you are proud of me, The waves were strong that tempted
 You're glad for what you've done, me,
And on your face I never see To plunder wrongfully;
 A shame for me, your son. But with your hand, I could not go
 Adrift, far out at sea.

Oh I remember very well,
 When first I learned to pray,
Each night beside my little bed,
 You taught me how to say:
 For all through life, you toiled away,
 And struggled just for me,
 To make me what I am today;
 And what I'm proud to be.

*"God bless my mother that she may
 Protect and care for me.
And guide me right with truth each
 day,
 An honest man to be."*
 Then God, it seems, has answered
 them:
 Those pray'rs we used to say;
 And in my heart that little theme
 "An Honest Man," will stay.

The days flew by and years came on,
 You held me all the while, So when alone at times, dear heart,
And through the trials that wake with You ponder o'er the past,
 dawn, And wonder, will I think of you,
 You led me with a smile. As long as life shall last?

Remember that I love you still,
 You linger ever near,
And in my heart and soul I pray,
 God bless you, Mother Dear.

Magrath, Alta, Canada.

JOSEPH WILLIAM REESE.



IN CALIFORNIA AND IN OREGON

Top: Torrey pine, found only in San Diego county, California.

Bottom: A part of Crater Lake, near Mt. Scott, Klamath county, Oregon, in the Cascade Mountains, showing its perfect reflection; also the Wizard Isle, a crater within a crater. The Lake is remarkable for its depth and for its wall of perpendicular rock, 1000 to 2000 feet high.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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A SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION

A Personal Experience

BY DUNCAN M. McALLISTER, KEEPER OF RECORDS,
SALT LAKE TEMPLE

When fourteen years of age I was apprenticed to learn the upholstery trade, with a large firm in Glasgow, Scotland. The establishment also manufactured household furniture, and in that department a number of young women were employed as "polishers." Occasionally orders were received which required some of them to go to the country residences of wealthy gentlemen for the purpose of polishing furniture.

It was the custom of all hands engaged in the shops to go to work at six o'clock in the morning, and after working about three hours have an opportunity to eat breakfast. After I had been about eighteen months in this establishment, I went one morning as usual at six o'clock, and had just put on a white canvas apron, preparatory to commencing the day's work, when the foreman hurriedly called me to come and assist one of the female polishers in carrying a quantity of bottles and packages of material down to the steamer, which was to convey her to Dumbarton, twenty miles west, down the river Clyde. Quickly tucking my apron around me, I picked up the articles and followed the young woman, who was hastening to catch the steamer. I found that she also had all she could carry, as it was likely she would be absent for several weeks.

When we arrived at the steamer she insisted upon me accompanying her to Dumbarton, stating that after arriving there she had to take a conveyance and go several miles further west, and that she would need my help in carrying the bundles from the steamship to the vehicle, informing me that the foreman had said I might do so if she thought it advisable.

The trip was made accordingly, and about nine a. m. she and the

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numerous packages were duly crowded into an open cart, and I was thinking it would be two or three hours before I could reach Glasgow and get breakfast, when to my surprise, the driver said I would have to go with them because he would have to leave her some distance from the mansion, and my help would be again needed to carry the bundles. Holidays did not often come in my experience, and here was one unexpectedly given, including a sight of the sea, green fields, wooded hills, and many other pleasant things that, as resident of a big city, I seldom enjoyed; also, there was the likelihood of a good breakfast to be secured at the fine house where we were going, so on we went contentedly, though hungry.

Sure enough, we found it quite a distance from the highway to the house, but it was an agreeable walk, along an avenue of grand old trees, and when we arrived and the young woman, with her assortments of bottles and packages, had been taken to the room allotted to her, I was ushered into the kitchen to get my longed-for breakfast. It was then about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, as you can readily understand, I had an unusually good appetite; but the cook did not seem to appreciate that fact, as she placed before me a rather limited supply of bread and a dish containing the remnants of some herrings that had been baked in spiced vinegar. However, I was hungry, and ate all I could of the rather unpalatable food.

After this disappointing meal, having previously received a sixpence (twelve cents) to pay my return fare on the steamer, I started to walk the intervening distance from the gentleman's residence to Dumbarton. I had not gone a mile when it became evident that my late breakfast was not an agreeable one; my stomach seemed to have a decided objection to spiced herrings, and very soon they and the accompanying bread were ejected, and I was more hungry than before I had eaten.

After a walk of about two hours, I arrived on the wharf at Dumbarton, earnestly trusting that a steamer would soon make its appearance, by which I might return home. I had no money except the sixpence with which to pay my fare; consequently could not purchase anything to eat. On inquiry I was told that the Glasgow boat was expected in a short time. When it came and was preparing to depart again, I stepped on board, and soon was gazing at the grand old castle of Dumbarton, as we steamed past its battlemented crags at the mouth of the harbor. After we had gone some distance out, I began to wonder why the steamer was not heading eastward in the direction of Glasgow. Presently the purser came around collecting fares, and I asked why the vessel was not turning toward Glasgow. He almost paralyzed me by answering that we were going to Greenock first, and that if I wanted to go to Glasgow I would have to pay the additional fare. It was then manifest that I had been

misled by my informant on the Dumbarton wharf as to the steamer going to Glasgow. My consternation may be imagined when I tell you that Greenock, to which we were hastening, was about five miles further from home, or about twenty-five miles in all.

When I informed the captain of the vessel about my predicament I received no sympathy, but was curtly told that he could not help me out of the difficulty.

Some time in the afternoon I was landed at the Greenock wharf, a busy place, where many steamers called on the way to Glasgow.

I remembered that a relative of mine was employed on one of those boats, and as each tied up at the quay to unload and receive passengers, I went on board and inquired for him. But I did not find him, neither could I persuade any of the officials to take me to Glasgow, although I offered to give my jacket in security for payment of fare. The afternoon and evening were spent in these fruitless efforts, and all the time hunger was increasing.

About nine o'clock at night there seemed to be no more steamers going to Glasgow, so I concluded there was no alternative but to walk all the way home—twenty-five miles, rather a dreary prospect for a boy hungry and tired as I was.

Well, I started on the road to Glasgow, and was favored with a clear sky. In that north country the nights are comparatively short at that time of year (I believe it was early in September,) and it did not get dark until towards midnight. The moon and stars shone brightly, the air was cool and bracing, and, in spite of weariness and hunger, I seemed to walk with some degree of vigor. My determination to make the effort had the needed effect of rousing my drooping spirits, and I trudged along almost cheerily.

As the night advanced the country road became deserted and I was alone. The stillness produced within me a feeling of solemnity. The long fast I had undergone resulted not only in emptying my stomach but it also cleared my brain and my mental faculties became unusually active. I began to think upon a subject that had for some time past given me a good deal of concern. My mother had been for nine years a member of the "Mormon" Church, and father was a bitter antagonist of that religion and people. My sympathies were with mother for many reasons that I need not state. I had accompanied her to meetings and greatly enjoyed the old-time experiences of the Saints, in which the gifts of the Gospel were frequently manifested, many speaking in tongues, and all filled with enthusiasm for the cause they had espoused, and anxiety to gather to Zion.

For about two years previous to the time of this adventure that I am now relating, I had been rather irregular in attendance at "Mormon" meetings. I had become associated with Sunday schools of other denominations and was a singer for some time in a Unitarian Church choir. The prevailing ideas of sectarians regarding the alleged

wickedness of the "Mormons" in Utah had taken hold of my mind, and for a few months I had been trying to convince my mother that she should withdraw from the society of that people who were "everywhere spoken against." She used to listen quietly to my quoted charge against the Utah "Mormons," then would tell me that those statements were falsehoods, manufactured by their enemies, and advised me to study the doctrines of the Church, and pay no attention to such reports.

However, it seemed to me that what everybody said must be true, although I knew, of course, that my mother was a good woman, and the others of the same faith, with whom I was acquainted in Glasgow, were all worthy people, still it appeared probable that the stories told about the terrible doings of the Utah "Mormons" must be facts, else all the newspapers, and ministers of other churches, would not say so. By suggestion of my mother, I had interviews with some of the Elders, and they always forced me to the conclusion that "Mormon" doctrines agreed with the Bible; but concerning the people of Utah, there was only the testimony of the few interested, as I supposed, against the whole world. And now, as I walked the lonely road, this subject came uppermost in my thoughts, and, as I have already said, my mind was, apparently, more clear than usual.

Looking upwards at the twinkling stars, deeply impressed by the circumstances then surrounding me on this lovely night, about the hour when all nature appeared to be at rest and my fellow-creatures asleep, involuntarily my soul was drawn out in earnest prayer, as never before, and I silently pleaded with God to make known unto me what I should do to gain His favor and eternal life. I will not attempt to tell the many desires that were expressed as I tramped along the lonesome road. My heart was full of solemn supplication, and, as mile after mile was passed, while thus engaged there gradually developed in my mind a firm conviction that I ought to yield obedience to the Gospel as taught by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in spite of the bad reputation that the Utah members of that Church bore in the world. I was led to remember that the Saints in former days had a bad reputation, and that the Savior was crucified because of the lies that were told about Him.

When I, at last, decided that I would, as soon as possible, apply for the privilege of baptism, a deep feeling of satisfaction rested upon me, a peaceful influence plainly indicating that the Spirit of God had inspired my mind, and that in making this resolution I was doing right. It would take too long to describe my feelings, or tell the thoughts that crowded my mind that long night of fasting and prayer. The impressions then made have been enduring, and I regard that experience as among the most important and valuable of my lifetime.

I arrived home about five o'clock in the morning, completely exhausted, faint with hunger, feet blistered and bleeding, and had

to rest the next twenty-four hours before I could go to work again.

A few weeks after, on the 25th of October, 1857, I was baptized in the river Clyde, very early on a Sunday morning. The heavenly joy experienced when I came out of the water was a testimony to me that I had done right. That same day I was confirmed, and the Holy Ghost was imparted unto me, by the power of which I have ever since been enabled to declare that I know the Church of God is established upon the earth, that He hears and answers the prayer of faith, and that He acknowledges the Latter-day Saints as His people.

The incident I have thus related has given me a high appreciation of the value of fasting and prayer, even though the fasting was not voluntary in this case. I feel sure that if I had had plenty to eat before being compelled to make the prolonged walk as described, my mind would not have been so clear, and, in all probability, I would not have thought about those important matters that finally resulted in my compliance with the Spirit message that was imparted unto me, in answer to the humble petition I offered under those trying circumstances.



"Crater of the Moon," one of nature's great wonderlands. Lava fields extend twelve to thirty miles. Lost River, Idaho, Fathers and Sons' outing.

A MOTHER'S DAY TALK*

BY PROF. P. A. CHRISTENSEN, BRIGHAM YOUNG COLLEGE

It is customary on Mother's Day to express sentiments which glorify mother. Mothers are the honored guests on these occasions, and motherhood, with all its tender associations, is the theme we love to contemplate. I sometimes sympathize with the mothers. It must be embarrassing for them to hear themselves talked about in words of unstinted praise. The position of the speaker is equally difficult. Instead of talking to all of his hearers, he finds himself talking to part of them about the rest of them. The difficulty is a natural one, and it arises, of course, from the fact that we are not all mothers. Today let me attempt to evade the difficulty by regarding all of us as children. I can make no mistake in that. Whatever else we may be, each of us is someone's boy or girl.

I am not going to emphasize what has frequently been said about the debt we owe our mothers for bringing us into the world and caring for us during our years of helplessness. I doubt that mothers themselves ever feel that their children are indebted to them for these things. I should not like to give the impression that I do not feel as much as a man can the seriousness of child-birth, nor should I like to say anything which would lessen the reverence which each of us should feel for the mother who courageously met this fundamental experience in life.

I should, however, like to shift the view-point and have us regard the birth of children and the caring for them as the crowning joy of womanhood. In this age when there is a tendency for young people, men and women alike, to evade the issues of normal life, I believe we need to cultivate toward motherhood the attitude of the women of the Old Testament. You remember how the Hebrew women believed that the inability to bring children into the world was a punishment from God. Although they were probably wrong in this explanation of their misfortune, they were undoubtedly right in the feeling that they had been deprived of God's greatest blessing to women. Instead, then, of emphasizing the pain and the self-sacrifice that characterize motherhood, we should do better I believe to contemplate the inexpressible happiness that women experience in becoming the mothers of boys and girls. The woman who has felt the glow of infinite joy in the touch of baby fingers, who has known the unceasing delight of watching the unfolding minds of her little ones, and who has experienced the exhilarating strength that comes with providing under adverse circumstances for the physical needs of her children—that woman I am sure does not care to hear of the debt her children owe her for these things. The genuine mother knows that in her

*Given at a Mother's Day meeting, Logan Sixth Ward, Utah.

children, in her activity in rearing them, and in the accompanying development of her heart and mind, she is amply rewarded for all that her motherhood has cost her. Would it not be better to abandon the terms debt and reward altogether, when we think of motherhood, and think rather in terms of divine privilege and divine blessings?

I once read a book entitled *The Fear of Living*. It is an indictment of the men and women who evade parenthood because of the privations, self-sacrifice, sorrow and death, incident to the rearing of a family. Now, any honest thinker will admit that the way of parental life is beset with difficulties, dangers, and distress. The way is not attractive to timid souls. It requires something of the spirit of adventure. It is a challenge to men and women of courage. But the intelligent observer does not permit himself to be blinded by the unpleasant possibilities of life, to the infinite joys that parenthood offers to those who have the manhood and womanhood to attempt it. Women who fear life and dare not meet its crises may follow an easier way. They may waste themselves in the pleasant pastimes of social life, with its tinsel and illusive bubbles; but they will never measure up in womanly dignity to the stature of the women who dare to live as God meant women to live. They will never experience the exquisite joy that exalts the mother of children.

Motherhood, therefore, like every other virtue, is its own reward; like every other virtue it can be realized only by strength of character. Today we can, perhaps, honor our mothers in no better way than by expressing to them our admiration for their womanly courage, and by resolving that we shall meet with equal fearlessness the great issues of life.

What I have said must not be construed to mean that we are not under great obligation to our mothers. When we reached an age which permitted us to sense responsibility and to distinguish between good and evil conduct, we began to be obligated in many ways. Let us consider briefly some of those obligations.

It seems to me that one of our first obligations to our mothers is to cultivate an abiding love for them. This may sound absurd to some of you. You may say, "Every one loves his mother." Frankly, I don't believe it, and my disbelief is based, I think, upon pretty sound thinking. The measure of one's love for one's mother is one's conduct toward her. There is no other test that is adequate. In moments of softening, we may embrace mother and tell her we love her. Although it will bring a momentary joy to her heart to hear us say it, she will not be deceived by what we say. We shall never convince her that our love is real until, in every attitude and action, we contribute something that makes lighter her daily tasks and that gives relaxation and pleasure to her mind and body.

Arnold Bennet, a keen and accurate observer, has something to say that is pertinent here. He says:

"One hears that the son hoodwinks his mother. Not he! If he is cruel, neglectful, overbearing, she is perfectly aware of it. He does not deceive her, and she does not deceive herself. I have often thought: If a son could look into a mother's heart, what an eye-opener he would have! 'What!' he would cry. 'This cold, impartial judgment, this keen vision for my faults, this implacable memory of little slights, and injustices, and callousnesses committed long ago, in the breast of my mother!' Yes, my friend, in the breast of your mother. The only difference between your mother and another person is that she takes you as you are, and loves you for what you are. She isn't blind; do not imagine it."

Let us then cultivate a genuine love for mother, not a superficial, intermittent feeling that expresses itself only in an occasional word of affection, but rather a love that burns with a steady glow, a love that urges us to every day acts of courtesy and kindness. For, if we would have our mothers respect us as well as love us, we must make ourselves eminently respectable in our habits of conduct toward them.

This thought suggests another obligation we owe to our mothers. It is necessarily closely related to the other. We should become, ladies and gentlemen—I mean, boys and girls—men and women of real gentility. Most of us, outside of the home, seem very eager to be regarded as gentlemen and ladies, people of cultivated and pleasing manners. I believe I am not putting it too strongly in saying that the boys and girls who pass as well-bred among their associates away from home, but who treat their mothers with disrespect and insolence in the home, are hypocrites and barbarians. They certainly are not sincere, and they certainly place themselves below the plane on which modern ladies and gentlemen move. Sooner or later people will see beneath the veneer that covers their actual vulgarity.

We have in literature a famous exposition of what constitutes a gentleman. The author says in introducing his explanation that "it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain." *One who never inflicts pain.* Let us apply this test to ourselves in relation to our mothers. To our mothers we owe most in loving service, for it is they who love and serve us most. If we inflict pain where we ought to bless with a genuine reverence, what shame we should feel! Let us, then, be ladies and gentlemen at home. If we fail there, we shall fail everywhere.

Another thing we owe to our mothers is a helpful attitude toward the home. In addressing a graduating class of college girls, George Herbert Palmer once said something which carries a message for every boy and girl, every young man and young woman. Let us read from his address:

"Undoubtedly all of you on leaving here will go into some home, either the home of your parents or—less fortunate—some stranger's home. And when you come there, I think I can fortell one thing: it will be a tolerably imperfect place in which you find yourself. You will notice a great many points in which it is improvable; that is to say, a great many respects in which you might properly wish it otherwise. It will seem to you, I dare say, a little plain, a little commonplace, compared with your beautiful college

and the college life here. I doubt whether you will find all the members of your family—dear though they may be—so wise, so gentle-mannered, so able to contribute to your intellectual life as are your companions here. Will you feel then, 'Ah! home is a dull place; I wish I were back in college again! I think I was made for college life. Possibly enough I was made for a wealthy life, I am sure I was made for a comfortable life. But I do not find these things here. I will sit and wish I had them. Of course, I ought not to enjoy a home that is short of perfection; and I recognize that this is a good way from complete.' Is this to be your attitude? Or are you going to say, 'How interesting this home! What a brave struggle the dear people are making with the resources at their command! What kindness is shown by my tired mother; how swift she is in finding out the many small wants of the household! How diligent my father! Should I, if I had had only their narrow opportunities, be so intelligent, so kind, so self-sacrificing as they? What can I do to show them my gratitude? What can I contribute toward the furtherance, the enlargement, the perfecting, of this home?' That is the wise course. Enter this home not merely as a matter of loving duty, but find in it also your own strong interests, and learn to say, 'This home is not a perfect home, happily not a perfect home. I have something here to do. It is far more interesting than if it were already complete'."

Finally, I should say that we owe it to our mothers to be good men and women. Sometimes in moments of foolish independence, boys and girls say that it does not concern others what they do with their lives. This sort of thing hardly needs comment. No one lives his life alone. Our mother's love certainly binds each of us to her in such a way that we can not escape. Our lives, moreover, touch the lives of many more for weal or woe. Our conduct gives its impress to the conduct of all with whom we mingle. By our deeds of righteousness others are inspired to better efforts. By our acts of sin, others may be led to sorrow and debasement. The supremest joy that a mother can experience is the joy of seeing her boys and girls grow into men and women of rectitude. The deepest sorrow she can know is to see them fall into the by-paths of sin. Tennyson says, "There is nothing upon earth more miserable than she who has a son and sees him err." If we love our mothers, let us this day dedicate our lives to the realization of our mother's fondest hopes for us. Let us pray God that we shall be worthy of her infinite love and trust.

Logan, Utah

Bits of Philosophy

When in doubt as to what to say, don't say it.

You never really like anybody unless you like everybody.

The bigger the job the smaller you have to feel to fill it.

The things you can count don't really count for much, after all.

The man who can tell you how good he is usually has little goodness to tell about.

The moment we stop to worship the god in the looking-glass, we cease to worship the God of heaven.

A great many people fail to find joy in life, simply because they are so busy trying to invent new fantastic joys, that they have not time to enjoy the old enduring joys.

NEPHI JENSEN

RICHES

BY H. L. JOHNSTON

The word riches, generally carries one idea, the possession of gold. Large flocks, broad acres, fine houses, rich clothing and jewels, and a chance to laze around and enjoy them all, naturally follow the possession of much gold. But when we consider real riches in such a light, we overlook one important truth, that many a man is far richer without a dollar in his pocket.

I want to draw pictures of two young men, just starting out in the world to fight life's battles. One of the men I shall call Brewster. At the start, he is lucky, and obtains a good position, where he saves his money and invests it carefully. Good luck walks with him, holding his hand, for twenty years, without a moment's desertion. He finds himself rich beyond his wildest dreams.

In speaking of Brewster, his old friends back home, whom he had forgotten years ago, say, not knowing the true condition: "Brewster has surely made good. He has saved every cent he ever made, working day and night to get it. Ambition, there! All young men should follow in Brewster's footsteps, for he is a wonderful example of knowing how to get what he started after."

Regardless of the praise, Brewster is far from happy, for during the years of money grabbing, his very heart and soul have been pinched and drained until not a vestige of charity or unselfishness has been left. He has long ago been blinded by the gleam of gold, so that he can not see the want or suffering of his fellowmen. His ears have been deaf to the pleading of the still, small voice within him, which tells him, over and over, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." In the end, wealth has cankered his soul, and never having met adversity during its accumulation, he can experience no joy in its possession. If the old friends back home only knew the true state of affairs, they would not trade their poverty for all of Brewster's riches. In ignorance, they figure his success, his worth to the world, and just how much he amounts to, by the number of his dollars.

At twenty-one, Charlie, the other young man in the picture, is filled with ambition to make money. It's possession never overshadows for one second, the deep-seated desire in his heart to be generous to all humanity.

Charlie goes to work and makes money, but seeing someone in want, gives freely. He finds it hard to refuse the beggar on the street. He can not enjoy himself on Christmas Eve, when he thinks of all the little empty stockings, that will still be empty on Christmas morning, while poor little ones look into their depths in vain for the presents Santa forgot to bring. He spends his money trying to fill a few of these little stockings, and his only regret is, that he has so little to give.

Charlie is always giving, always helping somebody. He comforts the sorrowful, lifts up the fallen, and gives them new courage to meet life's battles.

Twenty years pass, and the friends back home, whom Charlie has never forgotten, in comparing him with Brewster, say: "No, Charlie isn't amounting to much. He hasn't saved a dollar and will never be rich. He spends all that he makes."

The friends back home are wrong. Charlie is both rich and happy. There is very little happiness in gaining wealth unless you get the happiness of giving and making others happy. It is the service, the love, that we give to our brothers and sisters that makes for our worth in this world—and the next. Men who hoard vast fortunes and never give, or think of giving, to others can never be happy. They fail to expand, and never become grand outstanding characters. They know nothing of real success or happiness.

One of the greatest successes in the history of man was poor and humble, yet He made others happy, and brought hope to all the world. He gave Himself in the service of humanity. The life of Jesus Christ was one great example of love. He healed the sick, raised the dead and comforted the sorrowing, but he had no money to give. It was Christ who said: "For inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

Beecher says, in regard to riches: "Heart-life, soul-life, hope, joy, love, are true riches."

A healthy body is better than all the gold in the world. A head that thinks and works for the well-being of mankind is beyond compare with the richest jewels. The earth is ours to enjoy. If we are high in understanding we can enjoy its beauties. We have the riches of the heavens with which to feast our eyes. We can travel into the mountains and see the mighty works of God and be in touch with his Spirit. Why, then, should we strive to store up riches upon the earth to blind our eyes and warp our souls when we can gain the supreme happiness and riches by storing them in heaven?

Tobar, Nevada.

My Wish

If I were given the right to wish,
 And power to make that wish come true,
 By some divine, eternal source,
 Beyond the vaults of endless blue:—
 Forbid, O heaven, ambition's trend,
 To ask for wealth or fame or power,
 Or earthly pleasures, yea and friends
 To praise and pamper me each hour;
 A broader view illumines the soul
 That walks by faith and looks above,
 A wish, a longing, just to bring
 One soul to thee, O God of love.

Logan, Utah

SARAH E. MITTON

WILL A WOMAN WAIT?

A Story of Pioneer Life at the Copper Mines of Arizona

BY MRS. RUTH S. HILTON

"Of course I'm going away, and be quick about it," argued Robert Parry as he whirled a smooth pebble into the swirling waters of Silver Creek.

"Measly, wicked, little stream," he muttered, feeling sure there was not a foot along its banks—from the source, far up the mountain above Prescott, to where it emptied into the mighty Verde off to the northeast—but had known disappointment. When the settlers would have water there was none, only a drizzling little stream over which the settlers squabbled, endeavoring to give drink to their thirsty acres; but when they builded dams and reservoirs to hold and control the precious drops, a terrific storm would ensue. Down would come the racing waters from the Ridge, as if an ocean had escaped its bounds, carrying dams, ditches, and even farms in its mad course.

Last night the usual spring flood had reached its peak, repeating the old tragedy as it swept the entire waterworks of Yavapai down stream. Many times before the little village had faced similar crises, but fired by the spirit of the dauntless pioneers they had rebuilt stronger and better. Each time they were wiser, and now it was not so hard as it had been. For a few years they had known harvest time and they knew much more about controlling unruly streams, making ditches and wresting bread from the little patches of soil along Silver Creek. They knew much more than they dreamed of when, early in the '60's' less than a dozen families had headed the vanguard of civilization on the western frontier and camped on the site of Yavapai.

Hence, when Mr. Parry laid a heavy hand on his boy's shoulder, the morning after the flood, he said slowly, "Guess it's a good thing you're goin', Bob. Be a man, won't you? Sometimes me and yer mother had almost hoped you'd give it up."

"Why so?" came the spirited interrogation.

"Oh, things'll be hard this season—new dam to build and so much ditch to—"

"Yes, and that's why I'm going. For eleven years we've given all we had to give—can't be done. 'Tain't no farming country. Little patches of rocky soil next to the mountains—Bah! Tell you, I'm through." He spoke with all the impetuosity of his nineteen years.

"But, son, things'll pick up soon."

"Nonsense, Father."

Mr. Parry gave a low whistle, he always did before giving his final word, rubbed the hard, brown hands briskly.

"Yes, I know, but there's ore—ore, I tell you, in these ol' hills."

Bob climbed the low log fence. Perched on top ready to slide off on the other side, but Mr. Parry continued, "Someone'll get it one o' these days, too. Then people'll come in by the hundreds, and the railroad, too."

"Too much vision. I can't endure it. Settle down here like any common scrub? Not me! I'm going back to the states. I'll find some school; I'll find some work; I'll—I'll—"

"I hope so." Slowly the old pioneer started for the house, hesitated a moment, then turned around to add: "Sorta wished, though, that you'd take up with some nice girl like Molly Crane, just stay and grow up with the country, cause it's bound to—"

But Bob had jumped from the log fence and was hurrying away toward the creek.

"I say, Bob, Molly's an unusual gal—she is," his father called as a finale.

"Unusual—unusual," he repeated in no uncertain terms. No one knew that more distinctly than Bob did, but just now it rather irritated him. He would not settle down and stay at Yavapai. He must see the world. However, the thought persisted, so when he found a huge rock to sit on and plenty of smooth pebbles to throw into the stream; staring hard at the rushing eddies, he argued—"Of course, I'm going away."

He was not afraid of Molly nor the moonlight, but he was afraid of himself, and so it was Molly who had caused him to hurry his plans for departure, since that last big dance and their commonplace good-bye. "The quicker, the better," he soliloquized. He had entertained a secret wonder, perhaps it almost amounted to hope, that Molly would care—just a little, when he left. But her broadest smile, and clear, unruffled, "Good luck to you," was all.

"Well," he assured himself, "it's all right—just fine. So glad she don't care—'cause then I *might* hate to go."

It seemed ages to him, as he sat musing, since he first met Molly. Nine years is a long time to a boy of nineteen. He was only ten and she still younger. It was the big Harvest Ball. He must have a girl, all the fellows had.

The auspicious occasion marked the autumn of their second year at Yavapai; however, Molly's parents had left the states over a year later than the first residents of Yavapai, hence the Cranes had been with them since the late spring only. Six weeks after their arrival, Mr. Crane was instantly killed while getting logs from the Ridge with which to complete their little cabin home. So, in a barren land among strangers, Mrs. Crane faced life with Molly. Folks don't remain strangers long in such places, however, for hardships strengthen,

human ties, foster sympathy, and make partners in them closer than kith or kin.

Bob still remembered the thrill the old log school house gave him as he thought of going there to a dance with all the "big folks." The school house was one low, log room in the center of the partially finished fort, which served for church, school, and recreation. He remembered, too, how he wondered if she would be home, or if she would smile and show her white teeth, as he shyly made his way toward the Crane cabin the afternoon of the great celebration. Just then he saw a bit of calico and a bright pink bonnet flit up the crude steps and disappear inside. How wildly his heart pounded. What on earth was the matter, he wasn't afraid, he—Bob Parry—not much! In spite of this self-assurance, his heart pounded more furiously than ever, as he jerked off an old rag cap and peered around the cabin door.

"Hello, Bob, what do you want at a rag-bee?" called the bantering voice of Mrs. Joseph Hanks. And there, sure enough, sat a crowd of neighborly women. A real old fashioned rag-bee. What could he do? Bob felt his face grow redder and redder. He wanted to run, but run he could not. At last he did the only thing that could be done. Unconscious of the disheveled auburn hair, and muchly patched trousers, he turned to Mrs. Crane and slowly stammered, "I—I'd like to ask Molly to go to the dance."

He heard a smothered titter go around the room. Then again that high pitched voice of Mrs. Hanks called out, "Well, there she is—go ask her."

He could never tell just how he got to the corner where Molly sat, somewhat apart from her mother's guests, but once there he felt freer.

"Say, Molly, I'm comin' to take you to the dance."

"Not going."

"Oh, sure you are. Everybody goes there, you know."

"No, I'm not," then she turned her head away and stared hard at the chinking between the newly-hewn logs. She didn't want to hurt Bob, and she did want to go so very much. At last in an undertone she stammered, "I just can't, Bob; I've got no shoes."

"Oh, that don't matter. We're none o' the big folks yet. Lots o' the girls in our bunch go barefoot till nearly Christmas," came the prompt reply.

"But I—just can't do it."

For an instant the urchin was nonplused, then the grey eyes fairly popped. He leaned over and whispered in excited tones, "Mary Ann has an old pair I could fetch, shall I?"

Molly's head dropped lower, and now she turned her back squarely upon him, but a foolish little smile played 'round her mouth, while Bob saw the bowed head slowly nod assent.

He was off, and so contrived that even Mrs. Hanks failed to see or hear just how Molly got the shoes.

"Got your candle ready," cried Bob as he rushed into Molly's house a full hour before dance time. Mrs. Crane answered for Molly.

"Yes, Bob, she has one, but it's only a bit of braided rag with a button tied in the bottom and grease poured onto the plate, the contrivance your mother calls a sluff."

"That's good 'nough. I got a dandy, though. Sidy tried to get me to take a little half burnt one, but I traded it off to Mary Ann."

"We're just out of wicking, so no candles can be made," replied Mrs. Crane.

"Oh, Ma's havin' a new ball come in on the mail next week."

There was no air service in those days, only the pony express which made semi-monthly runs between Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Prescott; passing enroute five or six such camps as Yavapai.

The candle question was dropped as Molly slipped in—a really delightful little miss, with shining curls and soft brown eyes. Slipping closely up to Bob, she shyly whispered.

"Didn't I fix 'em nice and black
With soot from the old mud fire back?"

Bob grinned approval at the little, stubby, black tip, put out for his inspection.

"Come, children, I guess we just as well be off." Mrs. Crane wrapped a clean towel around the molasses cake as she picked it up—her share for the midnight refreshments.

Already poor, blind Jim Stapely was seated on the orchestra's stool, squeaking on one string of an old fiddle. "Jes' tunin' up a bit," he was saying in a high-pitched, nasal voice.

"Oh, there's Molly!" Little Lucy Gardner skipped across the floor to meet them at the door. Dan Naylor gave a piercing whistle, then bawled out, "And Bob's with 'er!"

A group of rowdy youngsters now laughed and skipped and hopped in delight as they helped the new-comers to light and place their candle, each one eager to show which one he had contributed.

"But won't it be nice and light, Mother, when they all get here," Molly clapped her hands in delight.

"Come here, Bob, and hold that candle o' yourn so's I kin see where to put this string. Alus hafta break one," fairly shouted Stapely.

"Oh, Jim, you couldn't see with the best of light."

"Tut, tut, sonny. Come on and hold your candle close."

Bob obeyed, but failed to light it. Instantly the string slipped into place.

"There, what I tell yer," came the nasal rejoinder. The "tunin" continued while a titter was heard from the elders and a roar of laughter from the youngsters,

That was nine years ago, and during that time Bob had learned to face deserts, forests, floods, and Apaches alike. He had also learned that he didn't want to live forever in Yavapai. He was constantly telling Molly of the great things he would do out in the big world, some day.

"Can't you see how silly it is for young people to just grow up here and get married? I'm going to see the world," he assured her.

"I'm going to pioneer for future generations," retorted Molly promptly.

He laughed outright. "Just like you, always thinking of the other fellow."

Molly looked far away up over the Ridge. "Sure, and I wish you luck, but you know there's something grand about this wilderness. The fine old Ridge with its forest of pines—and—home—and just—good old Yavapai."

"Pa talks like that, but he don't mind me wantin' to go, much."

* * * * *

Now they were grown; his dream about to be realized. The big dance, just before the flood, was over. Did he wish it had not happened? Bob could not tell. The new dance hall was fine he thought. A rambling frame shack, much larger than the log school house. Sputtering coal-oil lamps replaced the candle rows. Sheep pelts or salt pork each gent must pay for his ticket. Even the orchestra had changed. Old Stapely was assisted by two guitars.

"Some music," shouted Bob from the side as Molly passed him in a graceful twirl of the old fashioned quadrille.

"By Jove, she is pretty," he mused. Not a doll face, but a clear-cut, open countenance aglow with the enthusiasm of youth. The wavy, light hair, combed straight back from a high, white forehead, fell in tiny curls over the ears and ended in a loose knot on the neck. Her mouth, perhaps a little too large to pass the beauty critic, had a bewitching way of turning up at the corners, adding charm to her perpetual smile. The big, brown eyes, now gay, now serious, always full of understanding, looked everyone squarely in the face. She wore the most precious thing of her wardrobe—a simple, white muslin gown, obtained by great effort from the states. A dainty, frilled polonaise was caught up at each side with a tiny slip of light blue yarn. A heart-shaped locket hung around her throat. This had been her grandmother's.

"How goes it?" interrogated Dan Naylor, with a slap on Bob's shoulders, which suddenly brought him out of his reveries.

"Fine, yes, great party we're havin'."

"Tell me yer leavin' ol' Yavapai fer good."

"Perhaps, indefinitely anyway."

"What for?"

"A little bit of everything. I'll go to school, I'll make some money, I'll—"

"Me'be you will."

"No me'be about it. By the way, things'll be somewhat changed when I dance here again. There's Joe and Edith—they'll be married and their youngsters givin' us the rounds."

"Edith and her Prescott fop," laughed Dan.

"Yes—and you and Lucy, an'—"

"Not so sure," prompted Dan. "Lucy's nice enough, I reckon, but so's Molly. Eh?—Don't like it, huh? I'll just dance with her for that." Dan broke out in a hoarse laugh. Gave one jump and two slides which brought him across the narrow hall where the girls were chatting happily.

"Partners for the lancers," called the portly floor manager. Bob stared at Dan and Molly. "They do dance well together," he admitted.

In this most exacting of dances, Molly had the spry sureness of the mountain squirrel, which she loved so much to watch when on those long, enchanting rides over the Ridge. Bob moved uneasily. "Dan could marry Lucy, and leave Molly alone. But Molly will get married some day." The thought was annoying. "Of course, she will. Well, why not? I'm goin' away anyhow."

The party over, they paused an instant as Molly stepped onto the old log stile in front of her home.

"O-o-o," she shivered, "I'm afraid it's going to rain."

"Guess so, just time for the spring flood," Bob answered soberly.

Molly pulled her course, home-knit shawl closer around her throat, shivered again; the moon peeped over the edge of a threatening cloud.

Was it in the moon, Molly's shiver, or the clear sound of Dan's distant whistle? Bob never knew—he just knew that he wanted Molly. He took a step forward and would have caught her in his arms, but Molly was looking at the house and took another step up the log stile. Bob suddenly straightened, gathered but half of his usual poise, grasped both her hands warmly, like a much embarrassed school boy.

"Oh, Molly, I—good-bye—you see, I'm going away." He left her on the run.

"Oh, good-luck to you," she called in a surprised, but clear and steady tone. But as he turned the corner—out of sight—the words died suddenly in a gasp. The shivering girl sank onto the logs, sobbing her disappointment out to the darkness. She had made a mistake. They were only friends, had always been such—but she thought—thought that he had felt something more.

The threatening rain was coming in earnest when Molly finally grew calm. She must go to the house. She went, devoutly thankful for the solitude and the darkness. No one would ever know, she vowed. Calling herself a little fool she buried the dearest secret of her young life deep down in her heart. "So deep it can never get out," she kept saying over and over,

The rain came—so did the flood. The dam above Yavapai washed away, and Bob went off..

* * * * *

The solemn days, haunted by poverty, which followed, were more tedious to Molly because of her mother's failing health. The frail woman had proved no match for this western wilderness. She grew worse daily. Winter set in, cold and white. Molly was alone with her, gently chafing the cold hands. Mrs. Crane spoke slowly in a whisper, "It's about over, my girl. Oh, how I hate to leave you alone."

"It's all right, dear, all right. Just rest now—" came bravely.

"But tell me, Molly, you'll marry Dan. Won't you? He loves you and has been so good to us."

The girl turned away, bit her lips. Her fingers clutched the dying woman's hands feverishly. She could not reply.

"Molly, dear, in such event I could be happy in going. And then—there might be some—babies, and you would be happy, too."

Molly turned around. The tempest had passed. Tears flowed unheeded down her cheeks.

"My own darling mother," she soothed, "don't worry over me. I'll try to live true to the womanhood you have taught me to know. True to myself, to love, to principle. I can't dishonor a friend by giving my hand without my heart. Yes, mother, I'll try—try—mother. Oh, mother, please—just one more word." She was excitedly weeping now.

"Mother, oh, wake up and say you don't mind—for I—I can't." It was over. The grim reaper had called and taken her loved parent. Molly was weeping now uncontrollably kneeling by the crude four-posted bed, feverishly clasping the clayey hands, soothing the rigid brow.

Winter—cold, icy winter—looked in through the one tiny window. It seemed to freeze itself into her very soul and whisper, "Alone!"

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"Ash Fork—Ash Fork. Change cars for Prescott, Phoenix, all points south," called the brakeman on the Los Angeles-Chicago Express of the Sante Fe.

Robert Perry didn't need telling, however. Bag in hand he was ready long before the train was. Leaving the main line, he took the branch line for Prescott. About ten miles north of that place, he left the branch line for another branch line winding up through the hills to Jerome; a slow, dirty local which carried freight, copper, passengers, and provisions.

"Hey, lad, pick me up." Bob shouted to the only visible vehicle around the lonely, deserted station at Jerome.

"Fall in," came the answer from somewhere under a huge fur

headgear. It was nearly midnight, and December weather at Jerome is cold.

"Some local you folks use in these parts," growled Parry. "Why, I went out of this country fifteen years ago with a buckboard and two bronco mules, making better time than that thing made tonight."

His companion merely grunted. Apparently the local was good enough for him. If he would not talk he could drive, so Parry abruptly ordered, "The best bed in town, and that in a hurry."

"All right, sir, up at Naylor's. Know'd he's got them there 'lectric lights? Sure fine, I tell ye! Gid-dap—Very many o' us ain't got 'em yet. The company jes' put in a plant last summer."

"Oh, did you say up to Naylor's?" queried the smooth voice of the traveler.

"Sure, Dan Naylor, an old timer. Always lived here, I reckon," muttered the driver.

"Say—wonder if Dan married Lucy?" quizzed Parry.

"Wall, I'm not sure of the missus' name. Be you acquainted in these parts?" He surveyed his passenger a little more critically now.

"Used to be. Fifteen years ago, last March, I knew most every rock on the old Ridge and every crook made by Silver Creek far down the valley," warmed Parry.

"Yer did, fer sure?"

"Don't know much tonight, though. Why Jerome has just 'sprung up' from nothing since then. Never dreamed of copper in those days," he assured himself more than he could the driver.

"Whoa—Here we are, Mister."

"At Naylor's?" queried Parry.

"Course so," snapped the driver.

Next morning Bob lost no time in hunting up the proprietor.

"Wall, I'll be durned, if that isn't Bob Parry. Man alive, but you look good. Where did you come from? Whar you goin'? What on earth you doin' here? How long you reckon you'll stay?" Dan paused for breath.

"Which one shall I answer first?" came the suave reply.

"Don't mind any of 'em. Jes' shake and sit down a spell." Naylor gripped his hand in real western fashion.

"And I'll ask the questions," suggested Bob. "You see since my father died, I haven't heard a word from this country, and that is a decade ago."

"The story is short. They found some gold, then oodles of copper, which tells the whole yarn, I reckon."

"But the papers told me that much. I want to know about you—the 'bunch'—and Yavapai, and Lucy. By the way, how's Lucy?" commented Bob.

"Yès, sure, I married Lucy. Reckon that's what you wanted, eh?"

"To be sure," came the prompt rejoinder.

"What of you, old man?" queried Dan.

"Not so bad. I've seen things good and plenty. Been up and down. Scraped up a nice little pile. Think I might invest in some copper," meditated Bob.

"Got a family?"

"No—none such. Haven't had time," Bob answered. "But say, how did this sudden growth of cities, railroads, etc., affect old Yavapai?"

"Yavapai? Why man alive, there ain't no such place—jes' swallowed up. On the site there's a squalling town of several thousand families of the miners. They call it Scottsdale."

"Why Scottsdale?" put in Bob.

"Oh, I reckon 'cause ol' Scott—ah—ah—I beg pardon—Samuel H. Scott, president of the company, owns the lights, the houses, the water, the telephone, the railroad. I reckon he 'bout owns the miners, too. Why not call it Scottsdale?"

Bob made no reply. For years he had planned an illustrious return to Yavapai, and now they told him it had vanished. Was it too late? Where was Molly? Somehow he couldn't ask about her.

Breakfast was announced and Bob went to the back, "Jes' to take a little snack with the family," as Dan put it. There was Lucy, much like the bright, jolly little girl he had known more than twenty years ago. And there he met the five young Naylors who took turns climbing over his knees, inspecting his pockets, and asking curious questions. Dan was evidently proud of his flock. He exhibited each one separately and then all collectively.

"You said somethin' 'bout not havin' had time fer a family. But you see that's all I have had time for," he laughed good naturedly.

Lucy laughed, too. "Don't matter how tired you git, one jes' has to keep laughin' long as there's five growin' youngsters 'round ye. What the kids can't think of—wal—I give up," she beamed.

"The old town is swallowed, but what of our bunch?" Bob ventured again when they were seated around the table.

"They're scattered, here and there. S'pose most of 'em live at Scottsdale yet. Less than five miles from here, yer know."

"The Hanks—Joe Warner and—?" queried Bob.

"Yes, Will Hanks was about the only pioneer in the valley that got hold of a slice of the copper pie. And Joe's married Edith, but she died, yer know. Purty hard on the ol' boy. And then there's Molly."

Bob showed immediate interest.

"Molly," put in Lucy, "and I tell yer she's the sweetest thing on earth. There ain't a poor, sufferin' soul in the country but what'll swear by her."

Bob was glowing. "What is it that makes her so thoroughly adorable?" This time, as though he were impatient to hear the story through.

"Her life's work, as she calls it. I tell you she has a real job."

Bob's face twitched. A hard line appeared around his mouth. His fork, half way between plate and mouth, suddenly became stationary. For a moment he just stared at Lucy. "Her life's work," he repeated mentally, "of course, Molly was married." He could imagine her in no other form of life's work than home-making.

However, Lucy paid no attention to the suspended fork, as she went on easily, "You see, it's Molly's way. Quite different from the rest of us. She's a charity specialist." The fork resumed action, the grey eyes lost their stare.

"You know, she's alive with sympathy. Understanding sympathy for the fellow that's all in."

"But how—"

"Kinda natural, I guess. You see, that winter after her mother died she just started nursin'. Seemed like she knew how better'n any-one 'round here. So sick folks wus mighty glad to git her. Next come the copper scare and people poured into the country by hundreds. Foreigners, easterners, workers, idlers, rich, and poor, were all huddled into one sufferin' heap. I tell you that much humanity comin' so quick in a new land made a real mess. Misery enough, 'specially the first few winters. The county, the church, all kinds of good folks, of course, was tryin' to help out. But somehow Molly jes' kept on in her own way until somehow she got kinda of an organization fixed up."

The listening man was trying to see this woman as the slight girl of eighteen, when she stood on the old log stile, so many years ago.

"Why," continued Lucy enthusiastically, "if the sad, the failures, the sick, the weary, haven't been relieved by her sweet presence, then this old world has never known relief. The things she kin do for people are just great."

"For instance?" put in Bob in a suspended breath.

"Well, when poor Mrs. Zando went weeping to the county board of charities for support, declarin' that her children were starvin', it was Molly who took relief. But she didn't stop there—not much—she jes' hunted up the runaway man and found some way to reconcile 'em. Went time and time again to help Mrs. Zando to learn how to manage on a small income. She got the older son to work, and the children in school. In fact they're all together a respectable family now. Don't ask anybody for help."

"Unusual little woman, did you say? Yes, that's just what I'm tellin' you. Sure, when Sally Bryant wus run out of her own parents home with her baby cause it didn't have a daddy, it wus Molly who found her work and a place where she could keep the baby? Keep it with her—learn to live for it. Made a woman out o' Sally. Now Molly's got a little girl of her own. 'Bout four years I reckon. Seems to be mighty happy and managin' right along in the same old way."

Suddenly Bob felt sick. Then she is married, after all—of

course—and why not? But he realized now, though he had never admitted it even to himself, that Molly was behind his every wish to come west. Somehow he managed to get through the meal and immediately excused himself to the Naylor's.

"You'll call in soon—old man?" as Dan arose to see him off.

"No—no—I'm afraid—I won't have time. I'm leaving on the midnight local."

"Tonight! Why I thought you'd come to—"

"Yes, I know. I'll look around a bit today. Powerfully glad to see you and Lucy as well as the fine youngsters."

Dan stood still and stared after him for a full minute, then observed slowly, "Lucy, did you see how tired he looked?"

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"Some relief to be out in the open," Bob thought as he made his way to the long remembered Silver Creek. "I'll just follow the old trail over to Yavapai. The big stone below the curve won't be changed, grown, nor vanished anyway," he said, half aloud, then murmured something about a long time and preposterous dreaming.

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Lucy may have known something of the joy that came to Molly as a result of her work, but she never even guessed the real happiness which the beautiful little Marvel Wilson brought into her life. Molly was accustomed to being called to administer relief of all sorts, but it was quite different when one Mrs. Wilson sent for her to come to Jerome. Mrs. Wilson was sick, in fact, dying. Her first greeting to Molly was that she differed from common charity clients. She didn't want money, she just wanted Molly, herself, to give her time and devotion to a tiny baby girl only two day's old. Alone, in a lonely land, the mother failed to drop one hint of her life or reason for being in Jerome.

"You see, Miss Crane," she gasped, "I'll leave what money I have. It will keep her a little while. Here is a letter to my mother."

Molly took the proffered missive. It bore an address in Philadelphia.

The gasping woman went on, "Either she or Mr. Wilson, my baby's father, will come for her. Oh, God grant it—yes, I know they will. You'll keep her? Promise me—won't—"

Molly promised, and she, who had ministered to the dying in a myriad of life's ways, never saw a face so full of tender gratitude, as that stranger mother understood her promise.

Next evening found Molly with a new born infant at her little room in Scottsdale. In front of the huge old fireplace she warmed and fed the tiny mite. A radiance of motherly light filled the soft brown eyes as she cuddled the little bundle closer to her. "Oh, glory of glories," she murmured. Then she patted the soft, downy hair, examined the perfect little ears, the beautiful curved chin, and kissed the tiny, red fist, beating aimlessly at the air, time and time again. "So

helpless, but so very lovely." She caressed the softest of cheeks. It could not even smile; could not turn or raise its tiny head, but it could look at her. The wonder of those big, bright, angelic eyes seemed as if the spirit of its whole being was urging expression and found but one way open, that of the eyes.

"'Celestial orbs of loveliness,' 'Joy untold,' and why not?" Molly soliloquized. Why hadn't she thought of it before. Her friends all had babies. Why, Lucy had five! Of course, true love, home, and babies all go together, but if it does all come well—well—, "I've got a really new baby tonight anyway," she said aloud. Again that glorious pressure of the little form against her bosom. Thus it was that little Marvel grew—grew into the life of Molly Crane, fastening her fairy-like self around the very heart strings of the lonely woman.

Letters were exchanged with the baby's people in Pennsylvania, money was sent for her keep, but she was being well cared for and if Miss Crane wished it, they would postpone coming after her. So wrote the grandmother. Then the time came when Molly began to think that Marvel was really always going to be with her, except a very occasional feeling that would grip her and almost choke. "What if they should suddenly send for her—impossible!" With a real effort she always dismissed the thought. She grew gayer, and Molly declared "even younger" as she romped, told stories, and played with the growing baby. All the neighbors heard how Marvel came teasing, "Nanty, dear, please some more meats dat look like sweet potatoes," after a picnic where they had roasted "hot dogs," and how she looked longingly at a picture of Black Beauty, then cried "Come out, hossie, come out."

Hence, when a telephone call told Molly that Mr. Wilson was in Jerome and coming to get his four-year-old daughter, Molly was wholly unprepared. Her face turned ashen pale, the world seemed to whirl around her.

"Yes, Mr. Wilson—of course—come—oh—" hoarsely whispered Molly into the 'phone.

"Tell her I'm coming, so not to shock the child. Have her ready in the morning," came the decided reply.

For once in Molly's life she couldn't speak. The receiver dropped with a jerk. She never knew how she got into the old rocker, or later prepared Marvel for bed, but she could remember seeing the gowned little figure kneeling by a low, white cot praying, "Oh, dear Lord, bless 'Nanty dear' and make her laugh again. Amen."

Marvel slept, but Molly kneeled by the old rocker before an open door gazing out into the darkness of a chilly autumn night.

"Don't let him come," she prayed as she beat frenzied fingers into the wool cushioned seat.

However, he came, explaining that Marvel had a good home and a good family awaiting her and her education must be cared for. "Very grateful to Miss Crane, of course." So they left her and in the hours

of bitterness that followed, when alone before the fire where they had enjoyed their evening play, Molly would cry until weary, then sigh, "Oh, my baby, my own little girl!" the very flames seemed to mock her as the reply flashed at her, "No, not yours. You were only a hired caretaker—nurse for someone else's child."

Why couldn't she forget that she had been paid to lavish all the devotion of her mother heart on that orphan child?

* * * * *

With winter severe and cold, and then the approach of Christmas, Molly found more and more to do in her work of relief, but try as she would, she could not forget the beautiful love and companionship of a child that had been hers. This day it seemed harder than ever. Tomorrow was the great world-wide holiday. Who would play Santa to her baby? She was hurrying toward the office, there was a few more boxes to be sent out before evening; two more calls to make, then she would be alone to her own Christmas time. A familiar voice rang out clearly:

"Hello, Molly, don't you know me?"

Know the voice? Why she couldn't forget it, but such was impossible. However, there he was. Before her stood Bob Parry, a broad grin covered his face. He was obviously glad to see her. Molly was glad, too, but she was a girl no longer. Long since she had learned to speak calmly over tumult. It seemed to the waiting man that she pulled herself a wee bit higher and away from him, but genially she took the proffered hand.

"Why, Bob—Parry! I'm right glad to see you. How comes it that you are here?"

She noticed he wore the clothes and appearance of a muchly traveled man. His accent also told that he was a stranger in the copper belt. He was older, too, than her mental picture of him, and he wore a mustache, but the grey eyes had the old familiar twinkle.

"And pray, tell us where you've been and how you do," she finished.

"Not much, just now. Looking up the folks I used to know, and here I find you."

"Good," she said coolly, trying to hide her excitement.

"I've been waiting all these years to get another look at old Yavapai,—and—now she's gone."

"No, not gone exactly. Just grown up. However, there is still something fine and enticing in our great, open west."

"Well, let's go, wherever you're going for I am going along," he commented easily as she started on and he fell into step. Then a stifling silence fell. Neither seemed to have anything to say. Bob asked a few questions which Molly answered in monosyllables, then conversation ceased. Bob just stared and stared again.

"So this is Molly?" he mused, "wonderfully changed Molly." Her manner was naive; her dress simple. She had the step and poise

of true culture, while a look into the open face showed that she knew life, and understood it. His blank stare changed to a longing gaze of admiration. Molly was conscious that he watched her, but was beset with but one emotion almost uncontrollable. How she longed to tell him of Marvel. Just to sit down—right there—anywhere—and sob out the story of her lost baby. But how could she? Not there, anyway. Then a new thought almost choked her. She could not tell him anywhere. He would not understand—she just knew he wouldn't. "But Marvel was my own—wasn't she?" Molly bit her lips, she had uttered the last few words aloud. Bob shot a look of inquiry.

"Why, yes, but it's this way, Bob," the woman's eyes were glistening with tears now. She gave a quick, appealing look at her listener. "I've lost my baby, my own little girl."

Bob looked dumbfounded. What could he do? Take the sad little woman in his arms and comfort her? "Horrors! What a thought!" he chided. At last stammering, "There—there—" Then with regained ease, he continued, "Why, yes, I heard about her—"

"You knew she was gone, then?"

"No—no—just that you had a child."

"Had one, yes, for four long, happy years, we've lived, laughed, and loved together—and now she's gone!"

"I see—um—" clearing his throat.

Molly was calm now, but she felt a dull heartache. Had he changed so very much that he couldn't even sympathize in her sorrow? she wondered vaguely.

They were approaching the business district now. People—package-laden—hurried to and fro getting in their last touches of Christmas shopping. Gaily tinted toy windows, trees and tinsel; laughing boys and girls in all directions.

A bundle of fluffy whiteness skipped past them. Now it turned, white fur from head to foot, exposing only a pair of sparkling blue eyes, a tiny nose, and red baby lips puckered as to speak. Just one glance, then the little miss danced off like a fairy right in front of the grotesque-looking Santa Claus as he dinged a bell over a pot of small coins. She pulled him down to her, whispered something in the mask-like ear, clapped her hands in glee and was gone.

"Who will play Santa Claus to my little girl?" breathed Molly half aloud.

"Santa! Why—er—you said she was dead," came the surprised answer.

"No—no! ! Not that. She's gone. They took her away."

"They? Who's 'they'?"

"Oh, that man—that Mr. Wilson. Her father took her to Pennsylvania."

Bob rubbed his hand across his forehead. "That man," he echoed, "Molly, wasn't she really yours? Aren't you—married?"

"Her mother was one of my clients—that's all. But I loved

the baby, because—er—I wanted a baby of my very own." Molly's eyes drooped. Then she turned her head.

Midday, surrounded by jostling crowds. "Unusual," thought Bob, "but Molly is always so." An ethereal light shone from his eyes. This was the end of his waiting—waiting for what he had not known—right here in old Yavapai.

He took both Molly's hands in his own; just one instant their eyes met. Quickly he drew one step closer and whispered, "*H-o-m-e.*"

Bob threw back his shoulders, lifted his chin, took two long strides forward, then slowed down to Molly's pace again.

"Molly—Molly—there's a bishop in the next block—come—won't you? And—and—we'll be home for Christmas—tomorrow."

Salt Lake City, Utah



Lost River, Idaho. Dropping a rock into the bottomless pit, "Crater of the Moon."

TASKS OF THIS GENERATION

BY F. S. HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

Distant pastures always seem a little greener than the one in which we find ourselves. We are prone to spend our time lamenting the mistakes of the past or worrying about problems of the future, quite forgetting the duties of the present. Likewise, we may concern ourselves more with the distress of people in Shantung or Armenia than with the needs of our own village or neighborhood.

If we are to be real useful citizens in the world, however, it is best that we do not overemphasize interests of far places and times but that we devote ourselves to the tasks that are before us, here and now. We must discover what are the big problems of this generation and set ourselves at work solving them.

Modern civilization is simply the accumulation of those things which the experience of man in the past has indicated are beneficial to his welfare. The findings of one generation are added to those of the next, and these in turn are passed on to be added to the discoveries of succeeding generations. In this way there is a progressive gathering of the information of the past ages to be used in perfecting the race of today.

We have come a long way from the day when all the work of the world had to be done by the hand of man with, perhaps, the aid of a few animals. The significance of this point is brought clearly to view when we realize that an average man working eight hours a day for twenty years can do only as much mechanical work as a good steam engine can do by burning between five and six tons of coal, which would cost considerably less than one hundred dollars. The mind of man has been used to discover the forces of nature which will save him an infinite amount of routine toil and add numberless comforts to his daily life.

In government the world has also made much progress from the time when might made right and each ruler bolstered up his authority by the doctrine of divine rights to rule, and when the masses were considered as legitimate pawns of a few rulers who could trade them about at will. The world has gradually become conscious of the fact that governments are for the people and not the people for the governments. This idea has given a basis for real progress in liberty and justice, and the whole world today finds itself accepting the idea of equal rights for all.

In former times education was thought to be for only a select few who made up an educated aristocracy. The curriculum was composed of subjects that would set those who were educated apart from

the rest. During recent years it has become evident that education should be made universal and subjects have been introduced that help in the daily lives of the people. The useful element in education has taken its place with the cultural, and now all people are granted the right to be made better for their daily work, through education.

In morality and temperance the progress of the world has also been marked. A generation ago a looseness in morality was tolerated which will no longer be countenanced. It has not been long since it was thought to be quite the thing for a gentleman to get drunk every Saturday night, whereas today the person who becomes intoxicated is frowned upon by the better class of citizens. The demand for a clean, wholesome life is becoming more insistent every year.

Today we find ourselves in a world with comparatively high standards of excellence in industrial, civic, and educational affairs. Now the question arises, what must this generation contribute to human welfare and to the onward march of civilization, if it does its duty? Just what are the specific tasks that we should set for ourselves—the tasks that we should endeavor to have completed during our lifetime of service?

First, it becomes obvious that the present generation must be one of progress. High as are the present standards of civilization, we must not be satisfied to have them continue on the present level. We must make a distinct contribution else the race may be impeded in its onward march. Our contribution should be greater than that of any previous time, since we have at our disposal means of investigation that were not possessed by any previous people. This means that one of our first tasks is to follow up research with all possible diligence. The world needs to know infinitely more of science and art, of industry and business, of society and government, and of morality and spirituality. New information in all of these lines will come slowly and by every-day experience, but we do not have time to wait for this slow method. Numerous problems are calling for solution, and we shall not be doing our full duty unless we carry on definite research in all these fields. This may be regarded as one of the well defined tasks of the present generation.

In the last three quarters of a century transportation has been changed from the ox cart to the fast train and the automobile. It will be our task to perfect means by which the air may be made a safe and efficient means of travel. Our fathers and elder brothers have developed the telegraph and the telephone, and we must in our day perfect means by which all parts of the world may have free and sure intercommunication without the aid of wires. The isolated farmer must be able each evening to receive from centers of culture the education and entertainment that will keep him abreast of the times. Ways must also be found for him to secure cheaper and more

dependable power with which to till his land. Through better methods of communication and transportation, he must be able to raise cheaper products than he has ever done before, and at the same time be more secure in his occupation than were his father and grandfather.

One of the responsibilities of the present generation will be to perfect its manufactures so that hundreds of conveniences of which we know nothing today will be made available, and the useful or helpful things which are the luxuries of the wealthy today, must be brought within the reach of the average citizen of tomorrow.

The educational facilities of the world must be so multiplied that the higher branches will be available to more than the few who can study them today. The entire vocational program must be so modified that every worker can do the kind of work for which he is by temperament best suited, and he must have the training that will best prepare him to give the greatest service to the world. We have yet a long way to go before we shall have an efficient vocational adjustment. The best minds of the generation must be put to work on this problem, since the entire social and industrial welfare of mankind is so intricately tied up with it.

The pioneers of the West dug the canals and cleared the land of brush and rock; they planted trees and beautified their simple homes as best they could. It now remains for us to perfect this beautification. It is not enough that trees were planted a generation ago; there are still many things that need to be done. The duty of the past generations was that of subduing; ours is one of finishing and refining. The first stage called for the building of protection from wind and rain, and for making passable roads and bridges and fields as it found them. It must add in building and in beauty just as it must add in knowledge.

If our grandparents fought to make men free; we must continue to perfect our civic organizations so that freedom will be continued, and our institutions of government perfected as much beyond the present as the present is in advance of the past.

It required many generations to incorporate in legislation a basis for temperance; it will require the best efforts of this generation to see that the spirit of that legislation becomes effective in every locality.

The divorcing of religious teaching from the schools which was made necessary by mixing of population has produced a lack of interest in spiritual matters that must be restored by some means if the best elements of our civilization are to persist. The method for best accomplishing this is not entirely clear, and will require some of the best minds of the present generation to work the problem out.

This brief statement of some of the problems of the day should make it clear that there is still very important work to be done—

that unto this generation are given tasks fully as important as those of any other period in the history of the world, tasks that call for the best training and ability of the world. With all these major problems before us, does it not seem a pity that so much good human energy is wasted on trivial matters?

Provo, Utah.

The Sixth Scout Law

A Scout Is Kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.



Tom the Cat

BY CHRISTEN HANSEN, SCOUTMASTER,
TROOP NO. 1. MINK CREEK, IDAHO

Our Thomas Cat is sleek and fat,
His face has features kind.
His charming joy makes him a toy,
As good as you will find.

His loving way will ne'er betray
The tribe where he belongs,
Which seeks its prey, in cruel play,
And fiercely plods along.

The Lion crew, the Leopards too,
Through *kindness* will become
As this old cat, who posed and sat,
While photographed, for fun.

If man will cease to harm the beast,
And shed no more their blood,
His neighbor dear, need him not fear,
For *peace* to earth will flood.



“OF THE MOST WORTH UNTO YOU”

BY J. ORVAL ELLSWORTH

My Dear Friends: I frequently think of you as Mutual workers and watch the *Improvement Era* for record of your progress. I know that all officers, both stake and ward, are anxiously doing their best to further the cause of M. I. A. and to fulfil the aims of our glorious organization as given in the *Hand Book*—“Assist every young man (and woman) to complete living on the foundation of faith in God and his great latter-day work.” Our aim has been clearly stated, but a proper interpretation of it is essential. No doubt each of you interpret it differently. I must confess that my ideas have changed greatly since leaving you and coming in contact with the people of the world; with those who have never yet been privileged to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ.

You remember we discussed many times how best to save from the sins of the world the young people of our associations. We went to our classes with the idea to assist each other to only help himself. We little thought what Christ meant when he said, “For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.” Our work is not all to save ourselves, but to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to the world. The joy of service is overwhelming and gives the strength to Scouting and Bee Hive work. Why not carry the idea beyond the confines of our local Church, home, ward, and stake to the masses beyond? The same love of service that makes the boy a good scout will make him a good man. Help him to forget himself in the love of teaching the gospel to others. The soul of any boy will thrill with the thought that there are over two thousand people dependent upon him for their salvation. The world must hear the gospel and can do so only through the labors of those who know the truth. Why not hold this opportunity before our young people? In preparing for such a mission, they will care for themselves and “learn to do by doing.”

You have frequently asked yourself, “What may I do that will be of most worth unto me?” Our Savior in his message to John and Peter Whitmer said: “And now, behold, I say unto you, that the thing which will be of the most worth unto you will be to declare repentance unto this people, that you may bring souls unto me, that you may rest with them in the kingdom of my Father.” (Doc. and Cov. 15:6.) Likewise to John and the three Nephites Jesus said: “More blessed are ye * * * for ye have desired that ye might bring the souls of men unto me.” (3 Nephi 28:7, 9.)

Why do returned missionaries say, “The happiest days of my life were those spent in the mission field”? During that period

they were devoted completely to the work of the Master; "To bring souls unto me." Personal pleasures were completely forgotten in the service of others. Cannot such joy be made more permanent in the lives of those who have "partaken," and made to yet function in the souls of the many who have not so been blessed? Do we hesitate, waiting an official call? "Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God, ye are called to the work." (Doc. and Cov. 4:3.) "Behold the field is white already to harvest; therefore, whoso desireth to reap, let him thrust in his sickle with his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God." (Doc. and Doc. 6:3.) Did Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris wait to be called? No, their souls cried unto God for the privilege and blessing to function in his mighty cause. Their supplications were answered in approval, and their desires were granted. Cannot our boys be inspired to first prepare, and then volunteer, by going to their bishop and saying, "I am ready."

We are prone to think that the people of the world have all been warned, or do not want to hear the gospel. Not so. You will be surprised, as I was, to know that the first eight people to whom I have chanced to discuss the gospel in the past four weeks, had never before met a "Mormon" and that every one of this number is now reading our literature, and two of them have ordered copies of the Book of Mormon. I mention this only as an illustration of the fertility of the mission field, and the need of workers.

I pray God to bless you and the work in your stake. This I know he will do, if you "Seek not for riches, but for wisdom, and behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich."

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

My Religious Philosophy

I have faith in God, and my vision of life is raised to a higher and broader level.

I pray to God in the sincerity of my soul, and it brings his blessings into my life.

I exercise in worthiness the priesthood which has been authoritatively conferred upon me, and it functions vitally to heal and to bless.

I keep the Word of Wisdom, and my body becomes strong, my mind vigorous and my day happy.

I obey the law of tithing and receive a practical lesson in obedience and unselfishness, and material and other blessings as I need.

I do good to my neighbor and experience the joy of helpfulness and friendship.

I love the Lord my God and peace comes to my mind and satisfaction to my soul.

I obey these laws, and others required by a consistent conception of "Mormon" theology, and feel a close harmony with God and a freedom to ask of him in my need with a positive assurance that I shall receive.

Provo, Utah

LOUIS BRANDLEY

HUMAN LIFE AND THE SEASONS

BY T. R. KELLY

A boy looked out upon the world and laughed for joy.

He lay upon his back, looking up through the gently waving branches of the lofty trees. He felt the soft, caressing embrace of the warm earth. He saw the great dome of the sky and the drifting, diaphanous clouds. His senses were filled with the fragrance of the earth, the flowers, the pungent herbs. He heard the marvelous symphony of Nature—the birds, the bees, the soft rustle of leaves, the subdued murmur of the mountain brook.

As he watched the golden flood of sunlight pouring down through the leafy canopy above him, he stretched out his hands and felt a wonderful kinship with the moving water, the flood of gold in the air, the flowers, the birds, and the great dome of the sky. He said, "Life is good." And he did not know that what he called life was really love.

Soon there came a time when there was no sun; when the clouds hung low upon the mountainside, and the cold wind piled the fallen leaves in heaps upon the bare earth. The trees spread out their bare arms, and the rain poured out of a leaden sky. The boy ran through the piles of fallen leaves and among the bare trunks of the trees. He threw back his head and let the rain beat upon his upturned face. He stretched out his arms and laughed, for he loved the wind and the rain and fallen leaves. And he knew that soon the soft zephyrs of spring would again call the crocuses and violets and the green carpet of grass from under the forest mould; that the trees would bud forth again and in place of decay there would be life, beauty, and joy.

Years came and went. The boy, now a man, loved the high, snow-covered peaks and burning desert sands even as he had loved the trees, the flowers, and the sun shining through the leaves in those other years. He would lie at night beneath the open sky and watch the majestic sweep of the moon and stars across the black curtain of the sky, and feel the wonderful silence of desert spaces, and he would laugh, for he felt himself as a part of the mighty forces and manifestations of the universe. He remembered the ancient Tishbite who, from his rocky cave, looked out upon the tempest and hurricane, the smiling valley and rugged mountain, in vain attempt to find his God, and then in the stillness of the night heard a still, small voice. The man, too, heard the voice, it was the voice of God in Nature in her myriad forms, calling, beckoning, inviting, impelling.

Love came into the man's life. Love filled the world with a radiant glow. He knew at last the meaning of the sun pouring its flood of gold through the canopy of forest leaves. He knew why the

marvelous symphony of Nature had meant life to him in those other years. They were love, and love had come to him. But there came a time when the man did not laugh. The soft, alluring haze of Indian Summer dimmed the sharp outlines of the rugged mountains. The autumn sun filled the air with a subdued radiance, the trees put on their brilliant coats of maroon, and scarlet, and yellow, and the stream called to him with its gentlest, most alluring song. But the man could not see the beauty; he could not hear the tender call of Nature in her gentlest mood. He could not stretch out his hands and fill his soul with the glories above and around him, for love was dying. Through the long vigil of days and weeks and months until the end, the man's soul was torn with deepest anguish and the blackness of darkness overshadowed him. He could see no flood of golden sunlight filling the air. There was no music in Nature—there seemed to be no God. But he thought of the great singer of Israel who had loved Nature as few had loved her; who saw in the firmament the handiwork of the Almighty, and who had sung of the smiling fields, and still waters, and softly rolling hills. The man remembered how, in time of greatest sorrow, David had lifted his eyes unto the hills, and had laid aside his sack cloth and ashes, and had regained his vision of life and beauty and love.

The man said to himself, "The world is the same world. The music, the love, the beauty, are there, but I cannot see them. I must regain my vision of life, beauty, and love, or I shall become blind. I shall be unable to see the wonderful things about me—the things that first awakened my soul. I, too, will lift mine eyes from the depths of sorrow to the sun-kissed hills of faith, endeavor, and duty." And by and by he began to see again the great dome of the sky and the softly floating clouds, and the sunshine flooding the earth with gold. And he saw in the mighty forces and tender beauty and marvelous music of God's Nature, the love which for a little space had been centered in a beautiful personality. He remembered the words, "Love faileth not."

* * * * *

The man came again to the lofty mountains and deep canyons and overshadowing trees of his childhood. He heard again the soft murmur of the brook, the hum of insects, the melody of birds. He lay upon the ground and felt again the soft, caressing embrace of the warm earth as in the days of his boyhood awakening when he had said, "Life is good." But now he said, "This is Love." And he stretched out his hands and turned his face toward the sunshine pouring in golden streams through the trees.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SUMMER'S DIVERSIONS

BY JEAN BROWN FONNESBECK

In 1914 Jen and I decided to make Lake Chautauqua the Mecca of our summer pilgrimage—that original Chautauqua which Roosevelt characterized as “the most American thing in America.” The season had not opened when we arrived. Householders were as busy as wrens in nesting time, such a sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, and refurnishment went on in those wooden cottages..

Then came the influx of summer visitors—a veritable army of celibate school teachers, with eager, straining, worried faces. Later came troops of youthful, comfortable looking matrons each with a rosy child or two in tow.

There had just been a wedding at the cottage where we found rooms. The very atmosphere was still charged with romance. Near us was a hotel. At all hours we could hear the rattle of dishes to the accompaniment of negro voices singing, “Go 'long lil' Moses, Go 'long, Go 'long, Go 'lo-o-o-ng.”

In a few days' time Chautauqua had become a maddening pursuit of culture for the strenuous ones, while scores of semi-idle women sat the summer long, pleasantly, half attentive, at lecture and concert, lazily knitting, tatting, crocheting numberless balls of thread into scallops and edges. Here were thirty or forty thousand women with three months of leisure at their command to be used for self-cultivation. Everybody was genial and interesting to converse with. Everybody was familiar with good magazines, good books, good music, beautiful pictures. Everyone had kind and conventionally correct manners—even at this summer camp in the woods. There was probably greater intellectual interest, more genuine cultivation in this Chautauqua crowd than in any other equally large group of people in America.

The program was one of bright diversity. There were weeks when Chautauqua entertainment ranged from the Victor Herbert Orchestra and the Men's Glee Club from Schenectady to a discussion by John Purroy Mitchell, of the New York State Constitutional Convention, or from an irresistible appeal by the *Little Mother of the Convicts* to a dramatic reading of Calderon's *Life is a Dream*.

A wild upheaval was caused by Scott Nearing's talks on the education of the American girl, when he, with vigorous insistence, declared that the girl who could not and did not work and earn her own living was a human parasite, should be regarded as such, and that society should be purged of such hindering nuisances. Doctor Earl Barnes caused another uproar when he scored, mercilessly, the unmarried woman—that type of woman who refuses marriage solely for the sake of earning and spending her own money, of being free from

responsibilities save during limited working hours, of possessing her own latch key. Such a woman, he stated, was immaculately efficient about her dress and person, but was neither charming nor lovely in appearance. In the forties, when it was too late, she always arrived at the conclusion that somehow she had missed the quintessence of life. Every woman should be either pretty, handsome, beautiful, or charming, and it lies within the power of every woman to be one of these. She should acquire the charm to win and keep the love of one good man, if she is to be a normal, happy woman, living a normal, happy life. For his own part, Doctor Barnes said he would wish, rather than either fame or great riches for his children, that each one might marry well and have a long, happy, married life.

Well, there followed diverse counter-attacks by very clever unmarried women—said attacks delivered with much acerbity and brilliance. Nevertheless, the whole army of celibate women looked lovelier after that week; wore fluffier dresses; dressed their hair more becomingly; were more carefully groomed; brought forth pins, rings, combs, necklaces that had lain by in neglect and disuse; adopted more sweetly gracious manners; refrained from dominant school-teaching arguments, and smiled as if it were less of an effort.

Little good came of it, however, for aside from a few rather anaemic photographer's assistants, there was not an unmarried man in those woods, excepting, of course, callow youths snapped up at once by young girls. Even the Sunday husbands were so few in number as to form only a mild diversion in that over-feminized atmosphere.

Sunday was the choice day of the week. This quiet, peaceful day was epitomized by the patron saint of Chautauqua, John H. Vincent, white haired, frail, beautifully spiritual, his very presence a benison. The holy calm, the reverence, and the serenity of a Chautauqua Sunday live in one's heart forever, a memory of the blessedness of the day of rest, and of the religious fervor and devotion in the hearts of those thousands of Christian men and women. Their appearance was an inspiration. There were multitudes in white along the lake front or through the woods wherever one looked. Theirs was the charm of goodness, of cleanliness, of keen, eager, intelligent zest in living.

Then came the war, and (unheard-of-conduct) the vast congregation in the amphitheater at Sunday morning service clapped deafeningly when war was decried and Napoleon denounced as the "colossal butcher of the ages." The summer's peace had vanished into thin air; excitement and feverous contention marred every class-room meeting. Scott Nearing, by a few mild words of praise for the industrial good wrought by the Emperor of Germany, brought upon himself a purple-faced, blustering storm of abuse from a German woman, a newly immigrated socialist, who declared that all industrial good in Germany was due to the Socialist party, and not to the Kaiser whom she said was an irresponsible madman as the whole world should yet discover,

Somehow, in a moment, the halcyon days had slipped into the past, one looked fearfully towards the future. I decided to come home to the valleys of the mountains. I planned to visit en-route a married sister who lived on a big ranch in Wyoming. Her husband, John O., was boss of this ranch which belonged to him and his five brothers. The station agent at Chautauqua advised me to buy a ticket through to Salt Lake City, then find out from the mail clerks where to get off to reach Rex's ranch. It was 3:30 in the morning, when the conductor told me my stop was Evanston. A few minutes later I was deposited, bag and baggage, from the rear end of the train, half a mile up the track. Through the darkness I lugged my suitcase and traveling bag down to the dingy station.

Two women, ranchers' wives, were in the waiting room. They spent several hours before train time lamenting the "awful raise in the price of sugar, and just at fruit bottlin' time, too." That was the first echo of the war I heard in the West.

After breakfast at a Chinese eating house, which was crowded with tall, sunburned men in chaps, spurs and sombreros, I took the stage for Randolph, Utah, where John O. was to meet me, and from thence we would drive twenty-five miles farther to the ranch. The stage was an automobile truck, heavily loaded. The one seat, perched high, was occupied by the driver, who smoked cigarettes incessantly, and a sick-looking fat woman who had just spent three weeks in a Salt Lake hospital where she had had an operation of a serious and equally mysterious nature, to which she made sundry behind-her-hand references during the trip. I was tucked in tight between the smoke-stack and the patient.

The road was a never-ending succession of deep ruts. We bounced out of one into the next for half a hundred miles. Clouds of fine dust encompassed us, smothering and blinding us. Several times I was able to snatch a glimpse of desolate sagebrush-covered country before the curtain of dust obliterated it.

Thirty miles from Evanston the fat woman was met at the roadside by her very tall, thin husband, who drove a wheezy, cantankerous Ford. He was genuinely glad to see his wife whom he greeted with a hearty, if dusty, smack. The driver and I went on with the whirlwind.

John O., large, bronzed, handsome, was waiting at Randolph with a powerful car. He said we were following a road, but it seemed to me we took off through a trackless, sagebrush-covered stretch. It had just rained. The steaming air tingled with ozone and was redolent with the pungent smell of wet sagebrush. Prairie dogs, hundreds of them, popped up on either side of us as we drove past, barked sharply, and ducked into their holes again. A gaunt, mangy wolf stood sheer and clear on a little knoll, regarding us with a mournful indifference. Scores of jack rabbits scurried timidly to cover. Once we scared up a flock of sage hens, and we saw many coyotes as we bounded over the bushes and leaped the ditches.

Just at dusk we sighted the great, rambling ranch house. It looked as grim and grizzled and gray as the lone wolf we had passed. It was the old Pritchard home; it belonged to a vivid and romantic past. The wind brought us savory odors of coffee and roast beef. A pack of hounds rushed from the porch to meet us. My sister came out. She looked slender and girlish and very tired. Her two years' of married life spent on this isolated ranch had sapped much of her former vivacity and bloom. Her four-months' old daughter was as exquisite as a wild flower, but a bit undernourished.

The haying season was on. Twenty hired men were having supper at a long table in one end of the immense dining room. There was a single kerosene lamp on the table, its light showing dimly through a swarm of moths and mosquitoes. This circle of half light revealed a group of strangely cosmopolitan faces; a few young, clean-cut, wholesome looking; the greater number, gross, unshaven, grimy. There was a clatter and rattle of dishes against the oilcloth-covered board; the noise of hungry, careless men feeding and guzzling coffee, but not a word of conversation. As each man finished eating he scraped back his chair noisily and hulked to another house down the slope where the hired men bunked. Soon there floated back the twang of a banjo and men's voices singing—

"Little Ikey's workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away."

The house help cleared off the dishes with a bang and crash; scrubbed the oilcloth and served supper for themselves and us. The house help were two in number: Tom, a silent and bashful young Swede, who milked twelve cows night and morning, separated the milk, made butter, kept everything in the dairy spotlessly clean, peeled the potatoes—which was a task of no small magnitude—helped serve the meals to the hayers, helped wash the dishes afterwards, brought in kindling and coal, and with a creaking, groaning pump, brought up ice-cold, crystal-clear water from a well just south of the house. The other was Phebe, a black-eyed, lissome beauty toward whom Tom cast shy, adoring, covert glances as we ate.

The dishes from which we ate were real Haviland china. To my startled inquiry, my sister answered apologetically, "These are just some old dishes that were here when we bought the ranch. They probably belonged to the Pritchards, who built the place."

After supper, with much crashing and splashing, the help did the dishes; Tom washing with astounding dexterity; Phebe drying them with many a coquettish flirt and flourish of her towel in Tom's direction; she singing as gaily as a bird, and he whistling a jubilant outpouring of the joy in his heart.

My interest in those Pritchards of long ago was unbounded when I discovered a white bath room with a porcelain bath tub. To be sure the water had to be carried in (obligingly Tom did it), a boilerful

piping hot from one of the kitchen ranges, and several buckets of cold from the pump. No bath was ever more luxurious than that one.

Interesting people, those Pritchards! In the living room there were some lovely pieces of old upholstered mahogany, and the room in which I slept dreamlessly for twelve hours, was furnished in birds-eye maple. That was a house of surprises. The morning after my arrival, with neck and forehead covered with mosquito bites puffed out in knobs, I began a tour of investigation. There were twenty-two rooms, including a bath room and a ball room. The house had been built thirty years before by a New Yorker, John Pritchard, who had come West in quest of health and adventure. Health eluded him, but there can be no doubt he found the adventure. His wife and two beautiful young daughters had come with him, so said old settlers who lived down the river. Those long ago days were merry ones at the ranch when cowboys, bidden to one of the Pritchard dances, rode horseback a hundred miles to attend. On the doors and door frames of the ball room there are many odd signatures. Those written in pencil were almost lost to time; but those carved flourishingly with a jack knife endured unchanged. *Loco Tex* had been a frequent visitor, possessed of an unusually sharp knife, as his many dated autographs attested. *The Kid* had carved his sobriquet out of all forgetfulness. *Dan Kinney* had used a pen to preserve his name from the onslaughts of the passing years. There was many a Joe and Jim and Bill whom dust and time had almost effaced.

John Pritchard had died, one far away morning, of violent hemorrhage of the lungs, out on the south porch, by the pump. After a quarter of a century, dull blood stains were yet discernible on the porch floor. The family had sold out and had gone East. The ranch had passed from one owner to another, who sometimes had lived on it, but oftener had not. At length the Rex brothers had bought it for \$80,000, and their first cattle sale the following year had netted them \$50,000. All the slopes and valleys along the Bear River were covered with wire grass, wild hay which was now being harvested. The cattle, mostly pure bred Herefords and Holsteins, were pasturing at large. To look over the country one was reminded of "cattle that fed upon a thousand hills."

That afternoon Phebe and I walked a mile down to the river. We passed several coyotes that eyed us curiously, almost insolently. A blue heron flew up from the rushy banks and flapped leisurely away. The sluggish pools and shallows were alive with frogs. The afternoon was cloudy and mosquitoes settled upon us in swarms, sounding their myriads of elfin trumpets in our ears. We were almost eaten alive before we got back to the ranch house.

There was not a newspaper or magazine, to say nothing of a book, in all of those twenty-two rooms. "Nobody," my sister said, "ever finds time to read on this ranch." To beguile the time one must simply look like the time. Meal-time proved most diverting. When a

bell was rung announcing supper the men rushed up from the bunk house to the south porch to get first chance at the four tin basins and clean towels. Some washed head, neck, face, hands with many a splash and gurgle, thoroughly enjoying it. Others mildly dipped their hands and wiped off what grime they could onto the towel. One, who had given his name as Virtue, did not even dip. I watched him for ten days to see. Probably he thought the well water not sufficiently sacred to accord with his own unheard-of name. Virtue was an anomaly—lean and lank; his face, inert vacuity; his long, straw colored hair was spike-like; his hat, a canvas brim, had once possessed a silken crown, but that had been worn to shreds, only the frayed seams remaining; his outstanding hair escaped between these seams. Truly, Virtue crowned! Virtue had extraordinary long arms, and enormous, hairy hands that dangled loosely below short shirt sleeves. His overalls, stiff with grime, were suspended from his drooping shoulders by means of divers knotted strings, that fastened at the belt line with nails. He wore no socks, so a piece of each hairy ankle was ever visible.

Listless and shambling at other times, Virtue was alert and voracious at the table. He fed ravenously. His arm would shoot out at prodigious length for more. Sage chicken fried in butter and served with cream gravy, was flattering unction to his soul. The only words I ever heard him utter were, "Gimme that chickun".

Next Virtue sat young Austin, graduate of Harvard, fine and clean and cultivated, immaculate in khaki, and very politely amused as he passed plate after plate of chicken to meet Virtue's urgent demands. There were a number of young book keepers, clerks and high school boys from Salt Lake City, out for vacation. Their tender skins were blistered and peeling. The other men were gross, unshaven fellows who roamed from Canada to the Gulf with futile indifference, picking up a job when the pay and food were good, but more often "bumming" their way. There was no conversation at the table. I often wondered what this nondescript crew talked about when they reached the bunk house.

On each of the two Sundays which I spent at the Pritchard place, four automobile loads of company poured in upon us from neighboring ranches forty or fifty miles away. My sister, having fed only twenty hungry men, set about preparing dinner for this host with a rare and gentle hospitality. Phebe and I were invited by the men visitors and John O. to go chicken hunting. The wives and children remained at the house to talk. Our hunting party chortled forth in five big cars that did marvelous hurdling over gullies and sage brush. We found it savagely exhilarating to watch for the slender necks of the sage chicken as they ran among the bushes on the hillside. The men shot to kill almost every time. The hunting dogs brought the chickens to the cars—poor, limp things in their modest russet plumage. We soon had what the men termed a good "pot" of chickens. Two coyotes had been killed, besides a great many rabbits for the hounds. Home we

raced, our cars filled with gory loot stripped from the wild, free life of the hills. The visitors returned to their ranches through the starlit night—such millions of stars shining through the clear air that there were shadows.

By the middle of the second week of my visit, the haying was finished and the men all paid off. Among other careful entries made in John O.'s account book, this: \$100., twenty-five days at \$4 a day to Virtue. Each man took his bedding on his back and set out afoot, ten miles to Cokeville.

Next day when we drove over for our mail we saw two of the ex-hayers lying drunk by the wayside. A third, his money all gone, hailed John O., as he chanced to pass the barred window of the jail, and begged for a dollar to buy some chewing tobacco.

That afternoon John O. took me back to Evanston. This trip, the drive was cool and dustless and over somewhat better roads. We passed ranch after ranch where the haying had just been finished. It was estimated that more than \$3,000,000 worth of wire grass had been harvested that season at the ranches between Cokeville and Evanston. Discharged haying hands lined the road, traveling afoot, their bedding on their backs, to the railway station.

The summer's diversions were over for me. I had glimpsed the East—that section of which is over feminized, over cultivated, and that part of the West which is still as wild and woolly as imagination can picture. It was good to reach Salt Lake City, where East meets West in a happy combination of democracy and refinement.

Logan, Utah

A Tribute to Mother

(Tune: *Love's Old Sweet Song*)

There's none so dear in all the world to me,
There's none so full of love and sympathy,
You're always near to help and comfort, too:
Mother, there's no one anywhere like you.
When I am ill, you're always near.
When I am sad, you drive away my tear.

Chorus:

Mother, how I love you, you're the world to me;
You're the dearest mother that could ever be.
Never leave me, mother, for I need you here.
Heaven bless my mother,
My mother dear, my darling mother dear.

When mother prays as only mothers can,
Asking the Lord to give a helping hand,
To keep me always in the narrow way.
O! mother, heaven hears you when you pray.
I'll ask the Lord to ever keep you here.
Life would be sad without my mother dear.

Brigham City, Utah

ARBA A. GLENN

KELLY

BY MAY E. LILLIE

II

"I don't think the flowers (tiare) have smelled so sweetly before as they have today," wrote Kelly from the South Seas in his usual journal letter. "Also there is an appetizing odor of cooking breadfruit in the air. You see, we don't 'earn our bread by the sweat of our brow.' We very often get breadfruit for the table for novelty's sake. They grow like apples and are about the size of a large cantaloupe, of a light green color and perfectly round. They are best cooked on hot rocks. The natives pick *avotas* from trees, from which butter is made. *Avotas* are known in the States as alligator pears, and bring quite a price there. Here, we get them for twenty cents a basket. It is quite interesting to see natives coming from market in couples—one in front, and one in the rear, with the end of a pole on each right shoulder and a string of breadfruit or cocoanuts hanging from the center.

"On Saturdays, after our work is done, we generally go swimming about a mile up the beach. Here we have a good time splashing in the surf. We swim a few strokes out in the water and the waves carry us back head over heels, kicking and gasping. After we are fairly started it usually commences to rain, which we enjoy greatly until we realize that our clothes are getting the benefit of a heavy shower. Then we would 'like to croak,' as Inez says. These are days of long, hard study for me, but they are not without interest or novelty. This evening we strolled down to the harbor, as a change from studying. There we saw three huge Swedish steamers, probably owned by one company. Two of them were coaling, the method here being very laborious and crude. Large baskets are filled by a score or more of thin, emaciated Chinamen, and then slid down a track to the ship's side where they are heaved to the deck by the ship's cranes.

"You have written for my interpretation of a parable about the water lilies. 'There was once a man, so the story goes, 'who had a pond full of beautiful water lilies. They blossomed sweetly and were a joy to all beholders. People came from far and near to gaze upon their beauty and inhale their fragrance, until one day the man had the pond cleaned of all its slime and mossy undergrowth and then those lilies bloomed no more.'

" 'What does the storm signify?' you asked.

"Let us imagine that the pond full of beautiful water lilies is the world, with all its charm and loveliness, and, on the other hand, the slime and mossy undergrowth are its sorrows and sufferings; the lilies represent the human family. If we should remove the slime, or trials

and heartaches of life, we should die—not a literal death, perhaps, but a mental and spiritual one, for we would have nothing on which to fertilize our efforts to rise to ethereal heights.”

Mother exclaimed exultantly over the depth of insight of Kelly’s splendid mind. She said his letter, along with others from the same source, should be kept forever sacredly treasured among all our other precious things in the family’s “Golden Vase.”

The story of this vase is quite interesting. It began with an Arabian proverb. A long time ago, we are told, an Arabian gentleman had a most wonderful golden vase into which he was to deposit a pearl for every perfect day of his life. The vase had belonged to his father before him, and neither of these gentlemen had succeeded in saving many pearls, which proves that perfect days are rare. But it is said that if those Arabians had been content to count the perfect hours instead of whole days of happiness, they might have collected quite a number of pearls.

Memory is supposed to be the Golden Vase, and beautiful thoughts are the pearls, and so into this precious family heirloom we try to store as many perfect thoughts as possible. In one chapter of *Little Women*, Louisa May Alcott says:

“Oh, when these hidden stores of ours,
Lie open to the Master’s sight,
May they be rich in golden hours,
Deeds that show fairer for the light.”

Before Kelly sailed to Hikueru, in the Spring, he jotted down a few more ideas in his journal letter, and if “Beauty is its own excuse for being,” this too, shall go down into our books of remembrance:

“This is the dawn of a beautiful day. As I look out over the veranda, I can see the dew dripping from the trees like rain. This morning will end a day of fasting and prayer. One of our brothers is afflicted with very weak eyes. We shall administer to him in a few moments, and if our faith is great enough, he will be healed and be permitted to remain in the mission field.”

Afternoon: “Our afflicted companion’s eyes were restored to their normal condition immediately upon our performing the administration. I am going to an island where ships from Papeete touch very irregularly, so don’t stop writing, thinking I have stopped, for you and your loved ones are in my thoughts always.

“With Sincerity, *Kelly*.”

“Good-bye”

“Good-bye,” ’tis such a little word to cause us grief and pain,
Yet inspiration tells the soul that you shall return again.
Our hearts go with you all the way across the ocean’s foam,
May God protect you in your work and bring you safely home,
We know his angels guard you, though parting brings a sigh,
It grieves the heart when friends must part,
Good-bye, dear boy, good-bye.

"Farewell," 'tis such a little word to cause the tears to flow,
 May God sustain, in times of need, and keep you from want or woe.
 All righteous prayer "availeth much," so we, thy friends, shall pray,
 That God will bless the ones you love, when you are far away.
 We know his love upholds them, though parting brings a sigh,
 It grieves the heart when loved ones part,
 Good-bye, dear boy, good-bye.

Salt Lake City

Memory

O Memory! How wonderful art thou!
 With all thy recollections stored away;
 Where every thought and action printed now,
 Within the mind's recess forever stay.

Beyond the limits set by Time's decree,
 When all things earthly shall have gone to rest,
 And passed within the great eternity,
 Thy page shall still withstand the acid test.

So endless—as the soul of man shall be—
 Though dimmed by Time's corroding power here—
 Yet all restored in immortality,
 In clear remembrance shall thy thoughts appear.

Though Earth must die and Heaven fade away,
 And all things mortal wither as the grass;
 When Death and Hell are judged, and lose their sway,
 And stars grow dim—and so their light must pass—

Yet thou shalt be renewed, O Memory!
 And all thy recollections be made bright;
 When, through the resurrection, thou shalt see
 Heaven and Earth renewed in glorious light.

The guilty conscience, seared by sin and shame—
 Unless repentant and by Christ be healed—
 Shall, through the ages yet to come, remain
 In torment and by Satan's chain be sealed.

Christ has power to blot away thy sin,
 If on his truth and love thou shalt rely,
 That there may be no vestige left within,
 Of fire unquenched, or worm that cannot die.

Pray then, let all thy deeds be nobly wrought,
 And carved in righteousness upon thy scroll,
 That joy and happiness may there be brought,
 A recompense to every faithful soul.

GAZELAM.

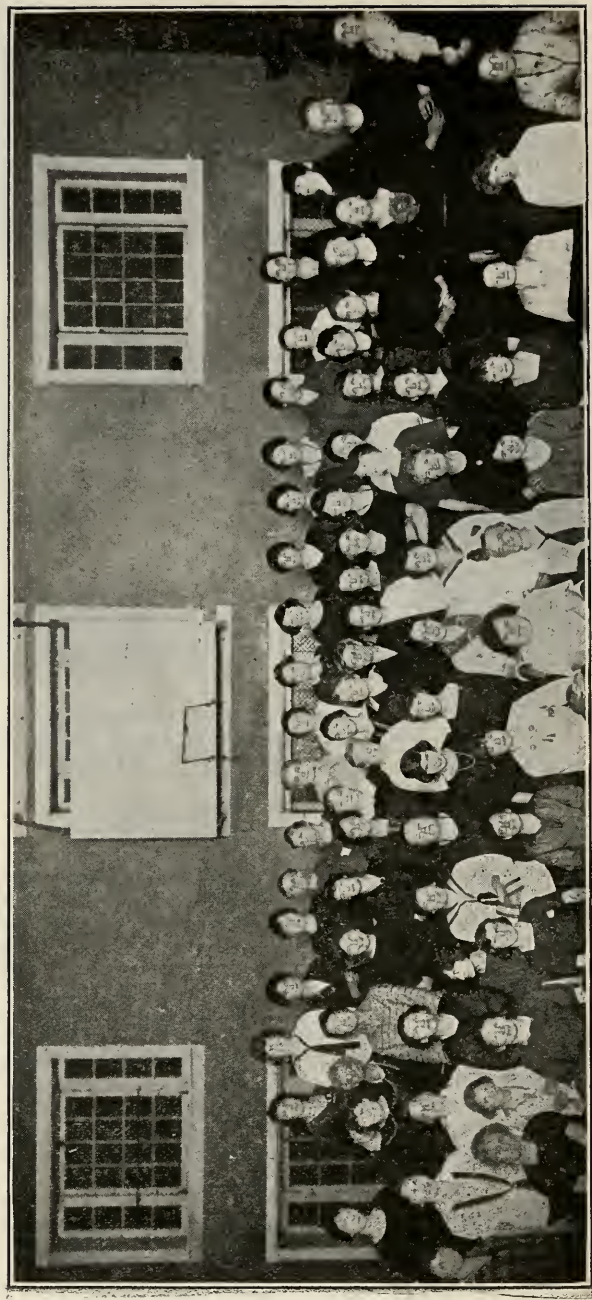


Top: Showing young Zarn on the second lap of the derby, February 22, 1924.
 Bottom: Showing the finish of the race, with Zarn, the winner in front with one of his exhausted dogs on the sleigh. The Canadian team is shown just behind.

American Dog Derby at Ashton, Idaho

This annual event took place again this year on Washington's Birthday, at Ashton, witnessed by approximately 8,000 people. Olcott Zarn, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, son of George Zarn, Ashton, Idaho, won the Derby championship in the spectacular race against a famous team from Canada and against other of the best drivers in the west. This is the eight renewal of the Idaho classic. Smoky Gaston won the race a year ago and came in third this year. Shorty Russick, driver of the Canadian team, owing to the crippling of his dog leader, finished fourth. Tud Kent was forced to retire at two-thirds distance when two of his dogs virtually collapsed. As observed in the picture, Zarn drove under the flags at the finishing line with one of his dogs on the sled, completely exhausted, with a margin of victory of 1 minute and 57 seconds, he having made the 25-mile course in 2 hours and 22 minutes and 40 seconds. The team behind the winning Zarn team is that of Warren Cordingsley, who came in second.

The conduct of the race was pronounced perfect in every particular, and the 900 citizens of Ashton succeeded admirably in taking care of the 8,000 visitors that came to the town, under leadership of the derby committee. Olcott Zarn was happy in his victory, as he had tried for three years before to make the mark with his team of dogs, and the \$600 prize will go far to give him a start in college. We are indebted to H. A. Hess for information and pictures sent.



A number of Relief Society workers of the Granite stake, Salt Lake City, Utah, enjoying a period of relaxation in the Deseret Gymnasium. These women are taking a course in simple dances and games that can be used in the Relief Societies, and in the home evening entertainments of the family. In order to give their families the companionship and help that they most need, mothers should be relieved occasionally from the monotony and care of the everyday labors in the home.

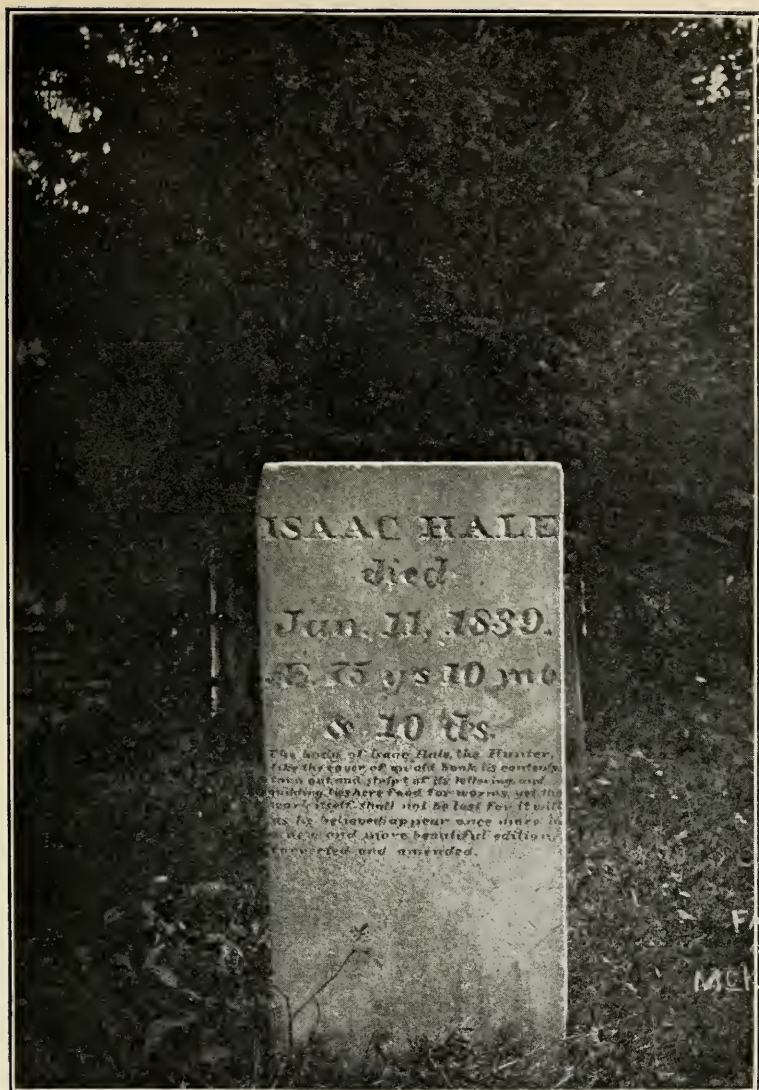


Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson, Springville, Utah

Tombstone of Isaac Hale, father of Emma Hale Smith, wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, McKune cemetery, near Susquehanna, Penn. The inscription under the name and date reads:

"The body of Isaac Hale, the hunter, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here food for worms, yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended."

GIVING UTAH A BOOST

BY D. E. ROBINSON, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Utah, her interesting religious and social organization and her high religious ideals will receive widespread recognition this coming summer as a result of a National Summer School which the Utah Agricultural College, of Logan, will hold during the coming summer months.

This recognition will come about in two ways. In the first place, leading educators of the United States have been secured to serve on the faculty of this National Summer School. There men will come and live for a period of six weeks in a typical Utah community where they will be able to see, under most favorable conditions, Utah's social and religious organization. In the second place, hundreds of teachers from outside of Utah will come to attend this national summer session. They also will live among Utah people for an extended period of time, long enough to observe something of Utah's viewpoint and long enough to become appreciative of the high type of citizen found in our state. Utah always receives unstinted praise from impartial observers who have been with the people long enough to get fully acquainted with them. The following statements made by leading educators of the Nation show just how true this is:

Dr. Bagley, of Teachers' College of Columbia University: "Utah should be numbered among the leading states from the standpoint of its educational system and its social organization."

Miss Lizzie Wooster, formerly state superintendent of public instruction of Kansas: "Utah's educational leadership was definitely established by the inauguration of a National Summer School at the Utah Agricultural College."

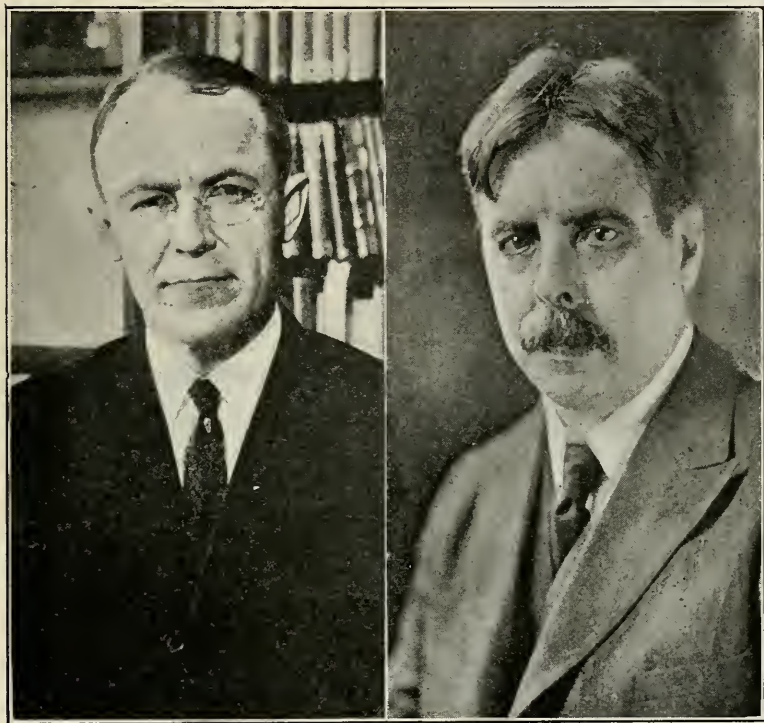
Supt. W. R. Siders, of the Pocatello city schools, in an address in which he urged the calling of an intermountain conference of school administrators at Salt Lake City, declared that one of the greatest movements inaugurated in the West was this same National Summer School which will bring to Utah leading educators from all over the United States.

Dr. Thomas D. Wood, of Columbia, who will teach courses in health education, at this Summer School, has declared that not only is Utah famous for its scenic beauty but also famous for its wonderful social organization; while Prof. Henry C. Cowles, of Chicago, who will offer courses in botany during the summer session, in a public address recently delivered said that on a previous visit to Utah he was very much impressed with the high standard of morality prevalent among the people.

Dr. Pierce, Superintendent of schools of Milwaukee: "I have a profound admiration for the social organization of Utah which has made possible great advance within the state so that today Utah is leading the United States in many matters in education."

Prof. J. W. Searson, professor of English at the University of Nebraska, and editor of the *Educational Digest*, declared recently that:

"Utah presents in her social organization an example that many states might follow." He went on to say, "Utah leads the Nation in rural and health education. She is far ahead of other states in her community development. She is again showing her educational leadership in the plans for a National Summer School to be held on the campus of the Utah Agricultural College this coming Summer. This institution has organized a faculty unequaled in the history of America for summer instruction. Out of this National Summer School should spring big things in the educational development of the United States."



Right: Prof. E. L. Thorndike, Head Department of Psychology and Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University. Left: Prof. Eliot Blackwelder, Head Department Geology, Stanford University.

These few quotations show the wonderful standing that Utah has among those of other states who know her best. Surely if we can bring to Utah a great group of educators and several hundred leading teachers of the Nation, the word they will take back to their respective communities will be one of the greatest boosts ever given the state. But it will require earnest cooperation, dignified conduct, cheer and hospitality to measure up to all the good things said of us.

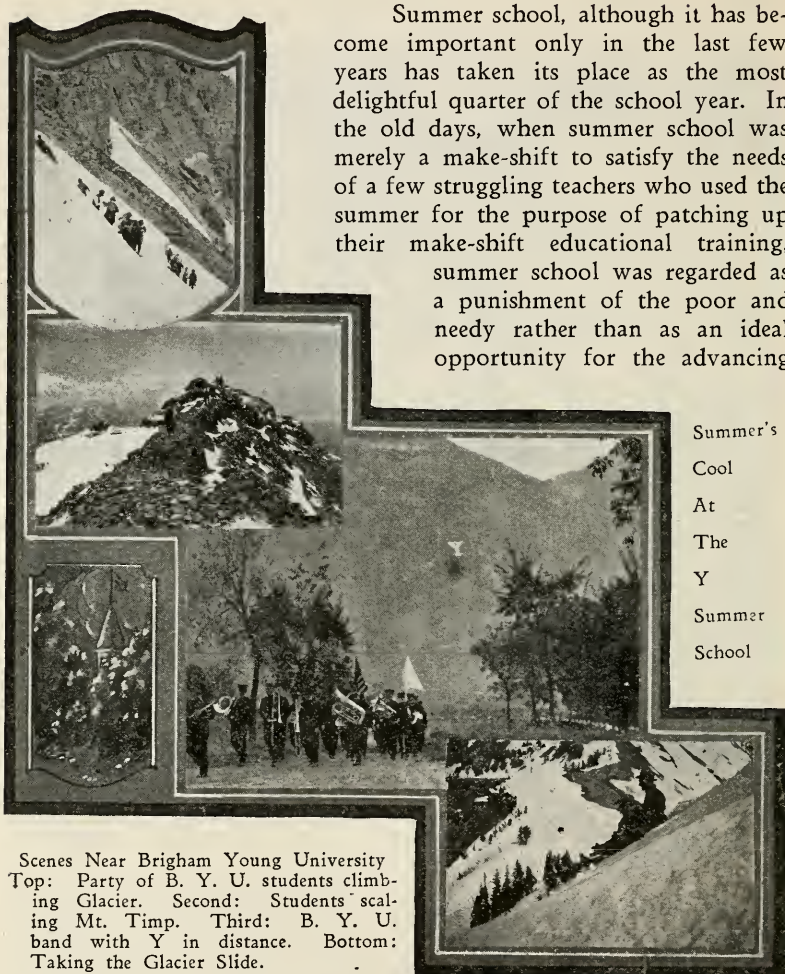
Logan, Utah.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL QUARTER BEST OF THE FOUR

BY PROF. H. R. MERRILL

Summer school, although it has become important only in the last few years has taken its place as the most delightful quarter of the school year. In the old days, when summer school was merely a make-shift to satisfy the needs of a few struggling teachers who used the summer for the purpose of patching up their make-shift educational training, summer school was regarded as a punishment of the poor and needy rather than as an ideal opportunity for the advancing

Summer's
Cool
At
The
Y
Summer
School



Scenes Near Brigham Young University
Top: Party of B. Y. U. students climbing Glacier. Second: Students scaling Mt. Timp. Third: B. Y. U. band with Y in distance. Bottom: Taking the Glacier Slide.

student and teacher. That day has gone. The summer quarter has now become the most desirable of all the year, and were it not for the poverty of most students, and the fact that lucrative labor is more plentiful in the summer time, the quarter which begins in June, the month of roses, and ends in August, the month of bounteous harvests,

would be more crowded than any other, especially in the inter-mountain region where summer is never too hot.

Go to college in summer? Yes, indeed, if one is to enjoy to the fullest extent the summer, the school, and life.

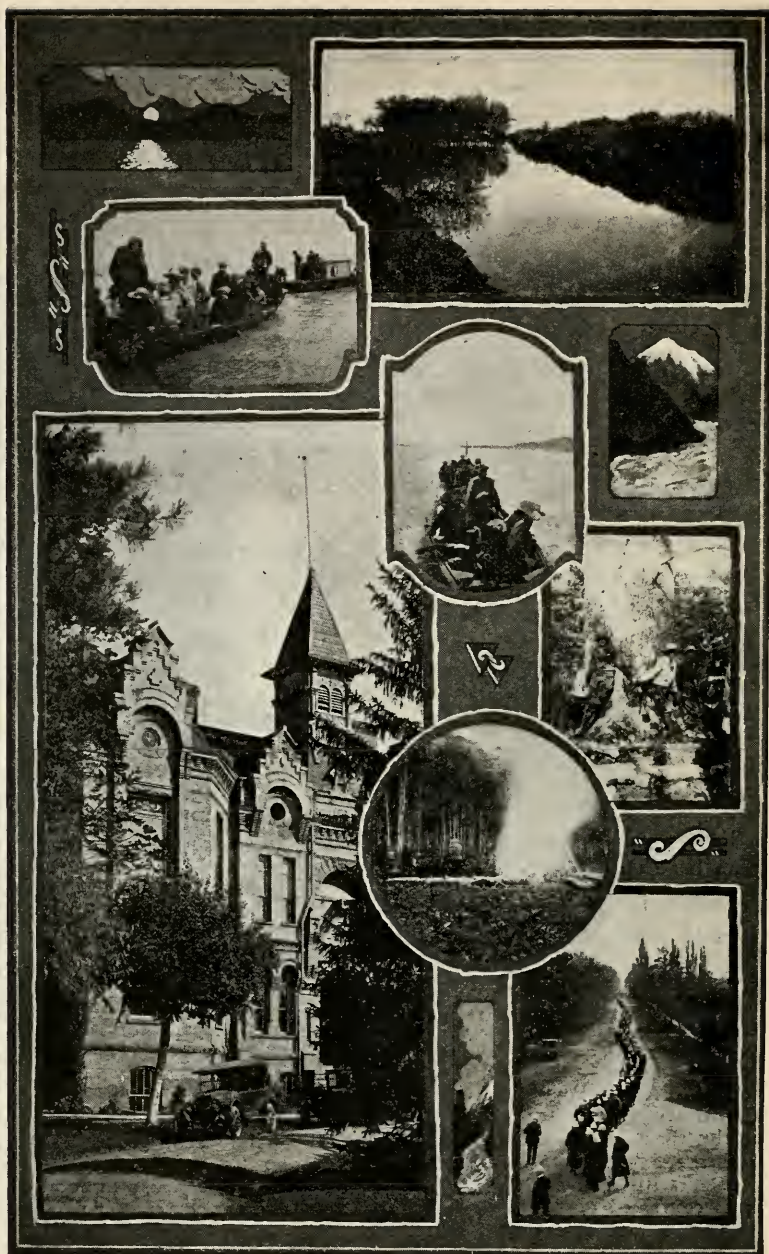
Fancy being in school in a college ideally situated for summer work. Such a college should be located in a good climate where the days are not too hot, and the nights are cool enough to make sleep a dream of restfulness, and waking an ecstasy of delight; where the campus is delightfully cool and shady with just enough sunlight dripping through the matted leaves of lofty trees to make the lawns a pattern of refreshing green, shot through with moving gold; where the mountains hover close enough to breathe their resinous exhalations through the open casements; where streams are adjacent and fishing is good and limpid pools invite one to strip and swim; where fruit is plentiful and out-door sports, such as hiking, boating, and golfing, are open to all.

There was a time when the ideal summer school was not found in Utah. The strong faculties, the opportunities for recreation, could not be obtained here. In those days the summer student went East to the large institutions, on shores of the great lakes or in New York City; or West to the coast where educational facilities and opportunities for recreation might be had at the same place. But that necessity has passed away with the advent in Utah of summer schools of a high type.

To illustrate: I met a young lady teacher, in one of my trips south this spring. She had been teaching for six and a-half months in a little town in an out-of-the-way place. She had already begun to plan her Summer school.

"I intended to go to California for summer school this year, where I could study under some eminent men in education and English," said she; "where I could also combine pleasure with my work. But the other day I received an Alumni Announcer from the Brigham Young University. To my great delight I discovered that Dr. David Snedden, of Columbia, and Dr. Merritt Y. Hughes, of the University of California, are both going to be at your institution. Dr. Snedden is one of the men I wished to meet and so also is Dr. Hughes. In addition to these two great men, too, I discovered that Dr. Raymond L. Frandsen, of the University of California, one of the leaders in educational thought in America, is going to be there also. I have said to myself, 'Why, then, go to California and spend twice as much money and get no more for it? The Utah schools with their strengthened faculties and their knowledge of local problems combined ought to be better for me, therefore, I am going to attend summer school in my own state.'"

The young lady was right. There is no longer any necessity for teachers' going anywhere else for school, or for recreation either for that matter. Not only may the teacher study under such men as Dr. Snedden, Dr. Merritt Y. Hughes, and Dr. Frandsen, but she may elect to study under a great sociologist such as Dr. Walter R. Smith,



SCENES NEAR THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Left top: A summer school party on Utah Lake. Left below: The Education building. Right, beginning at top: Reflections in Provo river; a party boating on Utah Lake; Summer school girls encircling the largest white balsam in the world. Bonfire Aspen Grove; Summer school Party; a parade on the campus.

of the University of Kansas, or Bible Literature, under as capable a man as Dr. Adam S. Bennion, or history under such men as Dr. Christen Jensen or Dr. William J. Snow, or Physics under Dr. Carl F. Eyring, or other subjects under two scores of eminent scholars who are on the regular faculty of the Brigham Young University. In fact, she will find the opportunity to select a course as broad and excellent this coming Summer as she would during any other quarter of work, and all of her credits will be regular residence credit that will count towards degrees of whatever nature the university has to offer.

"As to recreation," the young lady continued, "surely I need not leave the state of Utah to find that, especially in the summer school. I attended the Brigham Young University one summer and found out how delightful a summer, properly directed, can be. Do you know, I liked the location of the University very much. The fact that it is in the very center of one of the best residence sections of Provo has its appeal for me. I found out how fine it is to be living at the very edge of the campus. I could leave my class in the afternoon and inside of ten minutes could be at my room and in my hiking togs ready for the great out-doors. There is everything around Provo that the heart could desire in nature and places to go."

Again the young lady was right. There is no finer opportunity for hiking than on Utah's mountains, and no finer place for swimming than in Utah's lakes. Although few colleges are as fortunately situated as the Brigham Young University, any college in Utah can offer some splendid out-door attractions.

The young lady had heard of Director E. L. (Timpanogos) Roberts, in fact, she was more or less acquainted with the inveterate mountain climber and his untiring and original recreational leadership. She knew of the Sunrise hikes, the Sunset hikes, the Moonlight hike to Maple Flat, of the Utah Lake trips in the large fishing smacks with their trailers of scows and row-boats, of the visit to Timpanogos Cave, trips to Strawberry Lake, and had read of the week-end trips that will be taken to the lodges at Aspen Grove, one of the most delightful spots in all of the Americas. Then why should she go to California or anywhere else for recreation?

There is no doubt in the minds of those who have tasted the delights of a summer school, that the summer quarter is truly the best of all the year.

Can you fancy eighty or a hundred animated young people assembled around a camp-fire, roasting wienies, while they listen to a radio concert from Los Angeles or Salt Lake City? Can you imagine two hundred young people on trucks bound for rugged American Fork Canyon and its wonderful cave—places that may be reached in a little more than one hour? Can you imagine seventy-five enthusiasts of the dawn welcoming the rising sun amid flowers and the songs of birds? Can you imagine one hundred eighty hikers winding up the Maple Flat trail at three o'clock in the morning and

watching Dawn tip-toe over the mountain tops at four? Can you imagine two hundred singing, laughing students riding a big fishing boat over the gentle waves of Utah Lake to Geneva, an interesting pleasure resort? Then as a climax to the summer can you imagine two thousand people camped at Aspen Grove, the big bonfire blazing and the velvet sky and brilliant stars over head? If you can, you can get some idea what a summer can be like at one of the large universities of Utah.

To those who love sunshine and flowers and growing things and fruiting trees, magnificent clouds and gorgeous sunsets, blue skies and friendly stars, whispering leaves, and waters and floods of mellow moonlight, long days and delightful class work, the Summer quarter undoubtedly will seem the best of all.

Provo, Utah.

In the Underworld of Sorrow

In the underworld of sorrow,
 Purposeless in their estate,
 There are faces in the shadow
 Of adversity's ill fate!
 Faces that betray the longings
 For a hopeful, better part,
 Faces that no smiles are winning
 From a loved and loving heart.

Once these faces in the sunlight
 Smiled within a loving home!
 Now they're faces in the shadow
 Where the wayward blindly roam;
 Faces that in merry childhood
 Were beloved in households dear,
 Now so lost to ev'ry virtue
 They are marked with shame and fear.

O, I pity these sad faces—
 To my heart they all appeal;
 In their heart-sad, woeful anguish
 What a life they all reveal!
 Though these faces tell a story
 Of the shadows where they grope,
 Ev'ry face behind its wrinkles
 Has a yearning ray of hope!

Ye who claim the pastor's calling
 Are these all beyond your keep?
 Are ye shepherds of the Master
 When your fold has lost its sheep?
 Are they only fit for scorning?
 Is there not one pitying cry?
 Shall adversity gloom o'er them
 Till in hopelessness they die?

Payson, Utah.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

THE REMINDER

BY WENDELL HAMMOND

"What is that, Mother? Did I hear you and Daddy say that he is ready to get it now?" Tom Carwood eagerly put his head through the kitchen doorway as he gaily shouted this question to his mother who was preparing breakfast, and to his father who had now moved over to the window and stood looking out.

"Say, Daddy, be sure to have me along with you so we'll be sure to get a good one," he candidly admonished.

"I am afraid, Tom, that you did not correctly understand what we said," replied Mrs. Carwood, while her husband's attention was still fixed on some object in the yard. "Your father had just said, 'Shall we tell Tom and Becky now?' and—"

"Yes, I know, so I thought he was ready to buy it now."

"I believe that we shall have to change all our plans—at least for this year, Tom, for your father has had something very unusual happen. I don't believe we had better tell you about it until after breakfast."

"Did you hear that, Becky?" asked Tom of his sister as she tardily entered the kitchen from her room. "Something's happened to Dad's plans. We might have known it would all right; it always does; it always has. But I thought this time Dad was surely going to put it over like he had planned."

"Say, Mother," suggested Tom as they sat down to breakfast, not attempting to hide the displeasure he felt, "you might just as well tell us now rather than after breakfast."

"But what will you tell your friends and the neighbors, Father?" inquired Becky of Mr. Carwood who had so far refrained from saying anything about the momentous happening. "Especially after you have the garage already built, and now it looks like there won't be any car to go into it. And we told you Father—we all told you not to build the garage until after you had bought the car."

"Even if it was only going to be a flivver, it was going to have a self-starter and everything else, but now—well it's flivvered all right," Tom tersely summed up the situation. "I suppose we shall have to wait until I can save up to buy one; I've only been working six months or maybe I'd get it now. I will have it yet though," he ended with all the open assertiveness of nineteen years.

To all this Mr. Carwood merely continued to look at the sugar bowl and munch his toast in silence.

"I suppose we may as well tell you now, children," began Mrs. Carwood, attempting to prevent a worse storm. "A check that your

father gave a book salesman for \$4.00 was raised by him to \$400.00. The rogue cashed the check and escaped; the detectives nor the police have seen him since."

"Father, why don't you make the bank pay? Couldn't they tell it had been tampered with?" asked Becky with hope that the money could yet be retrieved.

"That is what we thought at first—it happened three days ago—but the cashier said that your father should never make a check out with pencil—that it generally invites trouble."

"With pencil! Well, I guess not!" ejaculated Tom with superior wisdom, "Anyone knows that much; I learned that the first year at business college. But for a book salesman to get Daddy again, that's the worst part of it. You would have thought Daddy learned a lesson two years ago when he intended to buy only that set of O. Henry, and found out later that he had signed up for a full set of etiquette books and a history of the Danish Kings."

"We won't go into that now, Tom," Mr. Carwood lamely defended his past. "I did not believe that a thief would masquerade as a book salesman—a book salesman of all things."

"No, that's just it; you didn't think—"

"Now, Tom, remember you are speaking to your father," cautioned his mother.

"Well, anyway," retorted Tom gulping down the last of his cocoa, and starting for the door, hat in hand. "you would think father would cut his wisdom teeth sometime."

His walk down town that morning was much more rapid than usual; his thoughts much less on his work as stenographer in the legal firm of Ames & Driscoll where he had been employed since completing his commercial studies.

By the time he had entered the middle reception room where his desk was located he had definitely reached the conclusion that the only place for a young man of thoroughly modern ideas was in some bachelor apartment, surrounded by kindred other young gentlemen—a place where one would not have the drawback of honest but incomprehensible parents.

During the forenoon of that day both Mr. Ames and Mr. Driscoll were busy putting into final shape the will of Mrs. Cynthia Merrihew who was unquestionably considered, because of the immense wealth received by her upon the death of her husband many years ago, as their best client.

Tom spent a busy morning at the typewriter changing several provisions of the will, and improving many wordings as directed by the conscientious lawyers who had spent the greater part of a week shaping the testament into the form they desired it to be. So by noon Tom's head fairly buzzed with a confusion of meaningless

words, of devises, bequests, and legacies, of annuities, trusts, and trust funds, of trustees, legatees, and executors.

At noon Tom was glad to telephone, at the request of Mr. Ames, to Mrs. Merrihew to say that at three o'clock the will would be ready for her signature at their office.

When the formalities of signing in the presence of two witnesses were over with, the only copy of the will was mailed by Tom, at the request of the pleasant old lady, to her brother in a distant state for his inspection.

After Mrs. Merrihew's departure Mr. Ames brought in the will, and placing it on the large safe near Tom's desk said: "Thomas, just put this in the safe with the rest of the Merrihew papers; I am busy now with a client, and Mr. Driscoll will barely have time to get his train."

But before Tom did as directed he rearranged the papers on his own desk; placed into the wastepaper basket the many discarded parts of the testament, and said good-bye to Mr. Driscoll who collected a few papers before his hurried departure on a short vacation. Then Tom, with thoughts on home, motor cars, and disappointments, resumed his duties.

Just a week later as Mr. Ames entered the reception room where Tom was already at work he greeted his stenographer and gravely said: "Thomas, I am very much afraid that we shall have to use Mrs. Merrihew's will long before we anticipated when we drafted it. Yesterday afternoon," he explained, "she was crossing the street when some carelessly driven delivery car struck her; she is now in the hospital in a very dazed condition. Her physicians fear the worst."

A few minutes later from his private office Mr. Ames called out: "Thomas, just let me have her will; there is one provision I wish to check over again." Mr. Ames waited a while for the document, and as he heard Tom still sorting over papers in the safe he inquired with a little heat: "Can't you find it, Thomas? It is among her other papers; you remember I told you to put it there."

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Ames," answered Tom slowly in a low voice, and still continued to search for the important paper.

"Mr. Ames, it isn't—I can't find it any place. I've looked—"

"You can't find it?" The lawyer cut him off short, his lips showing strangely white over his teeth. "But it must be there, for you put it there. Didn't you?" he ended with apparent doubt.

Together they carefully looked through all the Merrihew papers. The will was not to be found among them. Their examination then extended to the whole safe—with the same result.

By this time the deep concern that Mr. Ames felt was clearly manifest in his quick movements and flushed face, while Tom, with a realization of what his evident carelessness might cost himself, his employers, and others, silently and with an ever-growing sickening

feeling, diligently continued to look in every conceivable place for the lost document.

He went through every desk drawer and receptacle in the room, and while Mr. Ames extended the hunt to his own room he inspected all the letter files—but with the same disheartening end.

When both had definitely concluded that it could be in neither the reception room nor Mr. Ames private office they peered into everything they could open in Mr. Driscoll's room, And still no will was found.

During the hour that Mr. Ames was away for luncheon Tom began afresh on the contents of the safe. He told himself again and again, as he had repeatedly told the lawyer, that he honestly believed he put the document among the other Merrihew papers, though he could not distinctly remember doing so. Occasionally, however, a fear would beset him that he had not touched the paper after Mr. Ames had given his directions about it. Perhaps it had been swept up by the janitor and either burned or carried away by some waste-paper man. This thought only drove him on more fiercely in searching for the missing will.

After Mr. Ames had returned, Tom took a short ten-minutes off to go to the nearest soda fountain for a sandwich, and then immediately returned to the offices to help the lawyer in his apparently fruitless efforts. They locked the room against prospective clients and then went through everything. Even old files and bundles that had accumulated dust for years were opened and inspected by the hopeful pair.

The unpleasant report that Mr Ames received from the hospital just before they gave up the search for the day only increased the necessity of finding the testament. But the more extreme the need became, the more baffling the whole thing appeared.

How could the will have disappeared? thought Tom as he trugged home, sorely beset with condemnatory feelings. Even if he had not placed it within the vault, which belief was occasionally dominant, who could have carried it away? Surely a document of so formal appearance as this would not have been swept up by some careless janitor; yet, upon reflection, he concluded that such a thing might have happened. Or could some scapegrace relative of Mrs. Merrihew, knowing what was at stake as a possible receiver of a legacy, obtained the combination to the safe and stolen the will, after learning of her injury?

This last thought, as it completely relieved Tom of all blame, was the one he permitted himself to think of most.

For the first time in a week Tom refrained from referring to his father as Mr. Easy Mark when he wished some dish passed by him at the dinner table. The omission, however, was not noticed by Mr. Carwood, though it was by Tom's mother who believed, be-

cause of Tom's somber attitude, that he was still grieving over his father's carelessness.

After dinner Tom put on his hat, remarking: "I suppose I'll drop down town; I haven't been down at night for a long time."

"Yes, Tommie, do, and be sure to see some Charlie Chaplin movie, for you haven't smiled once this evening. What is the trouble? You haven't been buying any books, have you, Tommie?" hinted Becky with a covert glance at her father, whose only notice of this remark was a sudden rattling of the newspaper which he was reading.

Upon entering the office building where he worked Tom sought the janitor in the basement to ask what disposal was made of the wastepaper gathered each evening.

"Why, we burns some of it; but most of it we sends away," was his frank reply.

"What is that in those two big bins? If that is the paper I'd like to look in it for something we think must have been carried down here by mistake."

"That's it all right, a two weeks' collection; just help yourself," the janitor invited.

So Tom dug and scraped and sorted papers of all shapes, sizes, and colors for two long perspiring hours. Several times he thought he had found the coveted document, at which his heart leaped wildly, only to feel half smothered when close inspection revealed the find to be valueless. Again and again he kicked his way into the towering mass thigh deep and vigorously scattered the wastage about him.

He wearily tumbled into bed that night at eleven, and during the night fitfully dreamed of playing hide-and-go-seek with Mr. Ames and Mrs. Cynthia Merrihew on a huge wooded hill covered knee deep with waste paper.

Tom was busy at the typewriter all next day, while Mr. Ames was equally occupied with clients, and before leaving he agreed to meet the lawyer again that night for a re-search of the whole office.

The two hours that they spent in going through the same files, the same drawers, and the same closets revealed nothing new, nor did their further exploring in Mr. Driscoll's own desk after obtaining a key that would fit the desk lock.

"You should understand how necessary it is, Thomas," explained the lawyer, "to find the original will. Even though we had a copy of it here it would be worthless because Mrs. Merrihew cannot re-sign in her semi-unconscious condition."

The next night, Mrs. Merrihew's condition being reported no better, Tom spent an equal time in the same huge bins, having concluded that by the barest chance he might have missed the precious document; and this thought drove him on in eager anticipation—to the same discouraging end.

Gradually Tom's whole general attitude and interest in things

were changing. His every waking hour was in some way affected by the missing will. It had spread its baneful influence over his whole future so it seemed to him. His father's mistakes and the resulting family loss was as nothing now. He even thought of apologizing to his parents for his sharp words, but a too highly developed sense of pride forbade.

Before his present troubles began a passing waste-paper wagon, huge and bulky, was scarcely noticed by him. Now it held possibilities that no California hill ever held for forty-niner. In its shifting mass perhaps was concealed the thing that could lift the blight from his own career, and bring happiness to scores of others.

Tom's constant abstraction at home caused much conjecture between his parents, who advanced various theories as to its cause, most of them centering around Mr. Carwood's unfortunate check-writing affair. Becky would occasionally give a two-pronged dig remarking: "Tommie, I'm sure you must have bought a set of cyclopedia, or was it a history of China?" But Tom stoically paid no attention to these repeated thrusts.

However, Tom was not the only member of the Carwood family who was now undergoing a change. Gradually it was becoming evident that Mr. Carwood was paying more attention to his personal appearance than before. His formerly loosely worn coat was now carefully buttoned each morning before setting out for work; his closely cut hair undeniably gave him a more youthful appearance; his brightly shining shoes bespoke of the daily effort spent upon them, while a neat blue striped tie in place of a time-worn, tightly pulled, dun colored one gave him that last touch that perhaps accounted for Mr. McCourtie, the manager of the department store where he worked as bookkeeper, shaking hands with him one day and wishing him a very good morning.

Though Mr. Carwood had told no one the reason for his improvement his wife correctly surmised that at some recent time he had had an accounting with himself; that he had frankly confessed certain careless, effortless habits, and boldly determined to overcome them by his own unaided will, knowing how deeply worn were the ruts and how persistent must be his attitude.

Soon after luncheon hour on the fourth day after Mrs. Merrihew's accident, Mr. Ames received the report that his client's semi-unconscious condition still persisted and that her recovery was now not expected.

"Thomas," he ordered, "lock the door again; we must find that will, and find it this afternoon. Do you hear? That idea of yours that someone took it from the safe is preposterous."

An hour later found them perspiring, dishevelled, and begrimed. They had piled all the rugs in a corner after looking under them, moved and looked behind all desks, tables, and chairs, and again

started to go through all the desk drawers when in walked Mr. Driscoll after being forced to open the door with his own key after finding it unaccountably locked. With the jaunty step and rejuvenated appearance that his short vacation had given him he entered and amusedly surveyed the confusion.

"What is it? Have the janitors gone on a strike?" he indulgently inquired.

"No, but we will all have to shortly if we don't find Mrs. Merrihew's will. I know you haven't heard that she is perhaps fatally injured, and that her will is lost—gone completely," answered his partner dolefully.

"Her will? Why, I have it. I've had it all the time," was the astounding reply.

"You've what?" gasped Mr. Ames, while Tom, forgetting respect, decorum, and position slapped his newly returned employer on the back and exploded: "Good for you, Mr. Driscoll, you've saved my life!"

"Why, yes," he explained, "just as I was starting out I saw what I thought was a copy of the will on the safe, I thought I should take it along with me on my trip to re-check at my leisure to see that no mistake had crept in. I did not notice that it was the original will until several days later when I first read it. But of course I had no idea of your desperate need of it. Now you can breathe easy again."

Before leaving the offices at five Mr. Ames again requested a report from the hospital, and was overjoyed to learn that Mrs. Merrihew was now conscious and unmistakably improving.

Tom jubilantly swung home that afternoon with airy lightness, now that the smothering load which he had silently borne so long had suddenly dropped from him. In his ever mounting relief he inwardly vowed that he would save up and give his father a car next year—poor old Daddy, he has been wonderfully patient with so many things going against him. And as for that bachelor apartment, well, there was no hurry about that at all.

"Well, Tommie, you look like the booksalesman had forgotten to send in your order after all," intimated Becky as Tom's beaming face reflected his humor as he entered the house.

"No, Sis, just something went very well down to the office."

"Then I suppose I'll have to confess, too," rejoined Mr. Carwood, "though I had intended to keep it a secret for a while. I was made head bookkeeper to-day. How's that for an old fossil?"

"Oh, splendid, Father. Now that means that you will use the garage soon after all. Doesn't it?" beamed Becky.

"I think, Becky, that we shall leave it empty as it is. I might need it to remind me of something, sometime," amended her father,

gazing out of the window at the small shelter, it's bright yellow paint gleaming cheerfully in the afternoon sunshine.

"Perhaps that would be best, after all," assented Tom after reflecting. "A peep at it now and then in that condition wouldn't hurt me," he concluded enigmatically.

Woods Cross, Utah.



This photograph shows a condition which is rare enough to justify its printing. The child in the picture is Howard Nielson of Leamington, Deseret stake, Utah, who will be four years old on the 25th of July, 1924. The child has a brother and a sister which were born since October, 1920, at which time the picture was taken. Clead Nielson, the father, is holding the child. At his right, the reader's left, is his father, August Nielson. At his left, the reader's right, is Rodney B. Ashby, father of the child's mother. Standing from left to right is Lars Nielson, Christian Overson, Anthony Stephenson and William H. Ashby, all great grandfathers to the child, from whom four distinct lines of generations, all living, could be traced to the three children now in the family. Three persons in the picture, Lars Nielson, Anthony Stephenson and Rodney B. Ashby, have among them, served as bishops in wards over seventy years, each of them more than twenty years; and Rodney B. Ashby is still in office. Lars Nielson, at the extreme left, died February 16, 1924, age 96 years. Christian Overson and August Nielson between them, served over thirty years as counselors in bishoprics; and William H. Ashby was superintendent of the Holden Sunday School over twenty-five years.—*Rodney B. Ashby*, Bishop of Leamington, Utah.

TRUTH

Aye! "What is Truth?" the jesting
Pilate asked

From the great Master in the long ago;
Perchance the Roman cared not, or, o'er-
tasked,

Laughed at the jangle in life's passing
show!

Those things which lie within the senses'
reach—

To taste, to hear, to feel, to smell, to see;
And all that doth the wider vision teach,
That which hath been, that is, and which
will be.

Yea, Truth, lies at the bottom of the
well;

For that it is that fills all time and space.
What China's sage and placid Buddha
tell,

He of Judea brought the human race:

All that is part to make the circle
whole,

The atom, constellations and the soul!

Alfred Lambourne

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"—II Cor. 4:5, 6.

The Church in Aleppo, Syria

In the *Millenial Star* of February 28, is an account, by President J. Wilford Booth, of the first conference held under the name of the Armenian mission convened at Aleppo, Syria, January 19-23 inclusive, 1924. President David O. McKay and wife, Emma Ray McKay were present at the conference, besides President J. Wilford Booth and his wife, Mary R. Booth, of the Armenian mission. The company arrived at Beirut, Syria, on the morning of January 18 on the steamer, *Lotus*. They proceeded immediately to Aleppo by automobile, over the Lebanon mountains, and across the valley of Leontes, to the antique ruins of the city of Baalbek. A ten hours' ride by rail, the next day, brought the party to Aleppo, in southern Syria. Here they were met at the station by the Saints. The conference and reception began on Saturday evening and there were very interesting exercises which had been prepared in honor of President McKay and party, one hundred persons being present. President McKay told of the striking contrast between the condition he found the Saints in, Nov. 1921, and that evidenced on the present occasion.

On the following Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, the Sunday School session of the conference began. Singing, recitations and speeches were given by the native Saints, and in the presentation of the program five languages were employed—English, French, Turkish, Armenian and Arabic. The Articles of Faith were recited by 26 members, in English and Turkish. At this session 110 people were in attendance and President McKay told a story illustrating honesty. One of the songs sung was "Joseph Smith's First Prayer, O how lovely was the morning," a *facsimile* of two verses of which, as it appears in a turkish translation in Armenian characters and in the Armenian hymn book, we present herewith:

Meeting then followed at 1:30 p. m. and at 6:30. A Relief Society meeting had been held by Sister Emma Ray McKay, president of the European Relief Societies, just after the Sunday School session. On Monday following, January 21, a dinner was tendered by the Honorable Parker R. Burhman and T. R. Flack, United States Consul and Vice-Consul respectively, in honor of President and Mrs. McKay and President and Mrs. Booth. On Tuesday evening a joint session of the Mutual Improvement Association was held in the assembly room at

which a report of the progress of this organization, established in October, 1923, was given. Each week this organization holds meetings. They have a library of 100 choice volumes. On the first Sunday evening of each month a joint meeting is held at which special features are presented, such as lectures from ministers, doctors,

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Ճօզէնք սարիթսիւն իւրի Տօւապը

Տ. Դ.

Նէ կիւզէլ իտիօլ սապահ
 Կիւնէզ չօգ փարլագ վէ նուր
 Իլէ օրման տօլու իտի
 Գուշլար սէս իլէ Մէսրուր
 Վէ աղաճլար ԿէօլԿէսիւնտէ
 Ճօզէնք տուա Էտիյօր .

2

Թէվազու իլէ տիզ չէօֆիւպ
 Իւր տուալ Էյլէտի
 Վէ զուլՄէթին գուվլէթիլլէ
 Պիւր Միւտտէթտէ Էհնիլտի.
 Լաֆին ըսպպա իման իլէ
 Տահա թէվէֆիւլ Էթտի .

Two Verses of "Joseph Smith's First Prayer" in Armenian

or professors. This meeting was also addressed by President McKay.

During the visit a series of ten interesting meetings was held up to Wednesday, January 23, which latter meeting was of a social character and served as a farewell party for President and Sister McKay. A program of songs, speeches, games and stories, was here presented. The Relief Society sisters presented Sister McKay with a specially

designed and handworked table cover as a token of love and remembrance.

Following their visit to Aleppo, President and Sister McKay left on the 24th of January for England *via* Palestine, being accompanied as far as the coast of Tyre and Sidon by President Booth.—A.

In an editorial in the *Millennial Star* of February 28, President David O. McKay has this story to say of President Booth, heading his remarks

A Man Who Loves His Fellowmen

At 2:30 p. m., November 8, 1921, at the commencement of his eleventh year in the mission field, Elder Joseph Wilford Booth arrived in Aintab. On the same day, the French, who had governed Syria by mandate since the world war, gave official notice by placards of their intention to withdraw from the city and neighborhood. This meant that the Armenians would be compelled to leave also, or run the risk, either of deportation or massacre. Already their Turkish enemies had made the threat that "four hours after the French evacuate the town, not an Armenian will be alive." Of course, that was a wicked threat that possibly could not or would not be carried into effect; but to the Armenians in Aintab, whose members, it was reported, had been reduced from 25,000, to 5000 it carried fear and dreadful forebodings.

No wonder, then, that the remnant of the Aintab branch of the Church who assembled in meeting two-and-a-half hours after President Booth's arrival were aglow with gratitude and joy over the privilege of meeting again their beloved missionary. One kind woman, with her countenance reflecting an appreciative soul, expressed the feeling of all when she said: "For seven years we have been in hell, but today we are in heaven!" And that joy Elder Booth seemed to share; though to succor his friends he had left a good position, and parted from home and loved ones.

That evening it was decided that the members of the Church and their near associates should leave Aintab at the first opportunity. They would have started that night, if possible.

Upon his return to Aleppo, Elder Booth, who had been sustained and set apart as President of the Armenian mission, took up his abode among the refugees at Aleppo, and began to make preparations for the exodus from Aintab, eighty miles distant.

What difficulties he encountered in accomplishing this duty, perhaps no one else can realize. There were carts and horses, and other transportation facilities, to secure. There was permission of a not-too-favorable government to obtain. There were winter rains and cold weather to endure, and muddy roads to traverse.

How he was impressed to seek the aid of General De La Mathe of the French army, who issued an order for passports for fifty-three "Mormons" to come out of Aintab; how Lieutenant A. P. Guitton convoyed President Booth from Aleppo to Aintab, furnishing food, bedding and protection free of charge; how the little colony packed household furniture and personal belongings on the mule-drawn vehicles that made up the train that started from Aintab to Aleppo on a wet December day; how much of the poor but treasured household articles were abandoned by the roadside to lighten the mud-bedraggled wagons; how the Saints endured the exposure in comparative cheerfulness because they were going to safety; the difficulties of housing them after their arrival in Aleppo; all these experiences though unpleasant and full of anxiety are now cherished memories in the man's mind who alone carried the worry and responsibility of it all! They constitute also a bit of Church history that merits proper recognition, and

which reflects the great outstanding fact that the intrepid, unselfish missionary, Joseph Wilford Booth, literally gave himself to relieve, comfort and cheer a people whom he loved.

Since November 1921, Elder Booth has labored constantly for the alleviation and betterment of the members of the mission over which he presides. For over a year he labored alone. April, 1923, Elder Snell joined him, and together they worked diligently in securing more commodious quarters for the colony, in teaching and in making more effective for good, the organizations in the Aleppo branch. In the renovating and the remodelling of the large house rented, these two dauntless missionaries not only directed the efforts of carpenters, masons and plasterers, and cement mixers, but became themselves workers in these trades. It required many days of many hours each to make the head-quarters as comfortable and as presentable as they are today!

But the greatest results of the past two years' devoted service are seen, not in material things, but in the development of the members of the branch. To one who saw them in their discouragement and distress in 1921, the change wrought is wonderful. It is true that from a financial standpoint many are still dependent, and are yet longing for the day or opportunity to come when they can earn their own livelihood and become permanently assured of being placed beyond the reach of dire want; but in the joy of association in surroundings of safety, in the assurance of proper care and skill in times of sickness; in opportunity for mutual helpfulness, and for spiritual growth and enlightenment, the change is little short of a transformation.

President Booth, and Elder Snell also, during his eight months in Syria, lived with the Saints. They endured the same inconveniences, ate practically the same food—sympathized with them in their sorrows, rejoiced with them in their successes and accomplishments. Every spare dollar sent from home to the elders was shared by those in need. Elder Snell had spent fourteen months in the Swiss and German mission before going to the Armenian, and he would have remained in Syria longer, if matters of great importance had not called him home.

Two years ago, very few of the Saints could muster courage to speak in meeting—very few could take part on the program. Today every member responds not only willingly, but intelligently. They sing, they pray, they bear testimony, give addresses and participate in all appropriate exercises most enthusiastically. Priesthood meetings, Relief Society, Sunday school, Mutual Improvement Association—all up-to-date, both in attendance and in courses of study! Truly, a mighty work has been accomplished.

President Booth is now spending his thirteenth year in the mission field, four of which, his wife who recently joined him, has shared with him. Together, they are showing in daily acts of kindness and devotion that love for their fellowmen which only true followers of Christ can manifest.

God bless Brother Booth, his faithful wife, and the people over whom he presides! His life of service says most eloquently, what Abou Ben Adhem said to the angel:

"I pray thee, then,

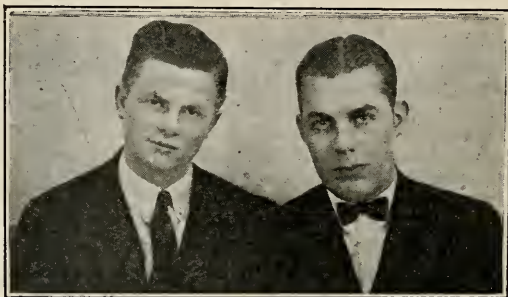
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

DAVID O. MCKAY.

M. I. A. Succeeding in Dresden, Germany

To hear from Dresden is to hear from one of the best branches in the Swiss-German mission. We have a modern meeting house, whose ownership we claim, and for which we are indeed grateful to the Lord. The fact

that we have been able to fill our hall with investigators and members gives us joy in the work of the Lord. Our greatest responsibility is with the younger generation, now totaling fifty per cent of our average attendance. Organization of a Mutual Improvement Association has met with the greatest results. Our membership now numbers over 200. We are holding their interest by teaching science and religion, community singing, dramatics, and oral expression. These subjects are given in connection with the study of ethics, religion, and social habits, all of which are having a decided effect in the bettering of the youth. The greatest interest has been taken in community singing, given in connection with the teaching of English. This brings life and "pep" into our meetings. Each session adds new members, new investigators, new ideas.



Left to right: Douglas T. Cornwall, Roy Lundquist

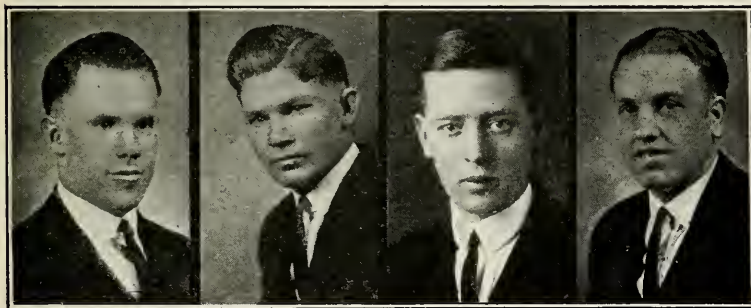
Our Sunday School holds an enviable place. The membership is over 250 children. We hold highly the appreciation in our hearts for having such an organization. When we see how these little folks are developing, and the way they perform in recitation and song, we realize more fully the value of the Sunday Schools. We have a children's choir, an organization of real merit. It numbers over fifty voices. They follow their leader exactly, their eyes sparkling with interest. One would hardly dream that such music could come from the throats of these little tots! We might also mention our large choir of sixty voices composed mostly of friends. A wonderful missionary work has been accomplished in holding the interest of so many investigators and bringing them into our services. We feel the Spirit of the Lord manifest in every meeting, filling our hearts with joy and love for the work. These German people have been through hardships. They have witnessed the bitterness of hunger. They understand the embarrassment of ragged clothing. They have felt the pains of loveless, unvirtuous life. They are broken in nerves and physique, through being victims of the haunting consciousness of their deplorable social and moral conditions. The six years of living from hand to mouth, with the catastrophe of the mark, and the jumping of prices, keeping food almost beyond their reach has weakened their minds and bodies, making many lose faith in their God. But there are still many stalwart souls. When these people are brought together in fast meeting they bear testimony, strongly and undauntedly that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the Lord. I tell you, readers, that we are a proud group of missionaries to have been blessed to work with such people; to study them; to read their souls; to bring them into the Church; to teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and to worship God with them.—Elder Douglas T. Cornwall, Dresden, Germany, Feb. 10, 1924.

Sunday School and Preaching Services Well Attended

President J. E. Shaw of the West Iowa conference, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, declares that they enjoy the *Improvement Era* in the mission field very much because it assists them materially in spreading the gospel



Elders of the West Iowa conference, Sioux City branch, left to right: J. Earl West, Rigby, Idaho; Ivan R. Briggs, Otto, Wyoming; M. P. Randall, Carey, Idaho; J. C. Christensen, Shelley, Idaho; Conference President J. E. Shaw, Liberty, Utah.



Elders of the West Iowa conference, Council Bluff, left to right: Verl L. Staker, Teton, Idaho, Robert Mortensen, Duncan, Arizona; J. Kenneth Michie, Tabiona, Utah; Leonard Albrecht, Fremont, Utah.

message to many who are given the opportunity to read its contents, and also reports that the work in the Sioux City branch is prospering and that new homes are being opened up, that the elders have always a place to make a visit or hold a meeting with people who are searching for the truth, and the Lord is leading the elders to the doors of the honest in heart. Recently Elder J. C. Christensen and M. P. Randall report success in their work in opening new opportunities for cottage meetings, and their Sunday School and the preaching services are well attended. They look forward with pleasure to the arrival of the *Era* which they declare assists them very much in their missionary work in preaching the gospel.

The Work in Montana

Elder S. A. Hendricks, president of the Montana conference of the Northwestern States mission, reports a conference held in Butte, November 10, President Brigham S. Young of the mission being in attendance. The reports of the missionaries for the past three months showed fair progress. Elders Peterson and Hadley reported considerable success in selling books and gaining friends in the Gallitan valley. Elders Clarke and Sego found joy in their work and were treated kindly by the people in the district from Three Forks to Miles City. They distributed much literature and held many meetings. Elder Gilleland and Rasmussen, laboring in the northern part of the state and on the Milk River, reported a colony of "Mormon" people settling there. The influence of these settlers among the people of that section caused them to investigate the doctrines and a big field was opened for missionary work. Elders Hendricks and Denham have been laboring at Wolfpoint among the Indians. Elder Hendricks was appointed to succeed Elder Henderson as conference president. Twenty-five people have been baptized in the conference during the past three months. Elders Gilleland and Sego have been released to return to Manassa, Colorado. Elder Newel K. Budge of Paris, Idaho, recently arrived.



Elders of the Montana conference, left to right, back row: Orrin E. Peterson, Newel K. Budge. Center row: I. V. Gilleland; Thomas L. Clark; Lawrence Hadley; K. Marvin Rasmussen. Front row: W. P. Denham; S. A. Hendricks, conference president; S. R. Sego.

A Native School

Accompanying is a photograph of the Vavau Saints, at Hallaufuli, during the Vavau conference, June 27, 1923.

Below is a picture of the Kindergarten Sunday school class, conducted by Sister Mary Davies Leavitt, at Haalaufuli, Vavau, her only assistant being a young native girl, Taofi by name. Through her work in this class alone



Sister Leavitt has endeared herself to the whole Haalaufuli village, members and non-members alike. She practically mothers all the children in Haalaufuli.
—Pres. M. V. Coombs.



The Stockholm Choir

The enclosed is a photo of the Stockholm, Sweden, L. D. S. choir, as it is now organized. The choir leader, Elder C. A. Jonsson, of Ogden, Utah, has brought his singers up to a high standard, and they are giving excellent service at the meetings, rendering first grade standard anthems, as well as the lovely melodies from our regular L. D. S. music book. Conductor

Jonsson is sitting in the second row, next to mission President and Sister Hugo D. E. Peterson, of Salt Lake City, next to him reading from left is conference President Anthon Pehrson, of Logan, Utah. Our orchestra is composed of Elder Jonsson and Miss Mildred Peterson, daughter of the mission president, seventh from left to right in the front row, violin; Miss Krantz, sixth from left to right in the third row, pianist; and Miss Karin Weijland, first on the left in the front row, organ. The soloists are Mrs. Ruth Johansson fifth from the left, third row back and Mrs. Inez Perciwall, third from the left in the second row. Several male members of the choir were not present at the time the picture was taken. In the center of the back row are seen Elders Joseph W. Hoagland, Hjalmar Sjodin and Stellan Thedell, all of Salt Lake City.—HUGO D. E. PETERSON.

Progress Through Cooperation

Elder M. Lynn Bennion, conference president of the Southwest Missouri conference, at Webb City, Missouri, reports that large crowds were in attendance on October 28 at the three sessions of their conference. "The missionary reports given in the Priesthood meeting showed marked progress in the work of the Lord. With twelve missionaries in the field, we have been able to open new fields of labor and the elders are to visit many new towns this winter. This work is made possible through the earnest cooperation of the Saints in the various branches. The slogan of the conference, 'Every Saint a Missionary,' is solving the missionary problem. The Mutual Improvement work has been one of the great means of calling the Saints to preach the gospel. We consider the *Improvement Era* a big help in our missionary labors and a source of joy in the homes of the Latter-day Saints."



Missionaries of the southwest Missouri conference, left to right: (top row) T. M. Adams, Sarah E. Koyle, Rosella Mallory, Lucy Houston. Middle row: Oliva Godfrey, Charity Leavitt, M. Lynn Bennion, conference president; Helen Burton, Louie Jenkins. Front row: Belinda Mae Heath, Dixon Burton, W. H. Anderson, Emily Thornton.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

BY DR. CHARLES E. BARKER

[The editors of the *Era* are delighted to have the privilege of printing the address of Dr. Charles E. Barker, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, delivered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Sunday evening, March 2, 1924, under the auspices of the Rotary Club of Salt Lake City. The stenographic report was taken by Joseph Anderson. District Governor A. C. Wherry, in introducing the noted speaker, explained that five years ago Dr. Barker addressed the International Rotary convention in Salt Lake City, and that his inspiring speech at that time induced the Rotarians of the world to engage him permanently for constant work. Since then he has been engaged in traveling from east to west, north to south, rendering service for humanity and civilization. While in Salt Lake City, this time, Dr. Barker addressed high school students, women, men, and boys of the community. The text as herewith presented has been revised and approved by Dr. Barker, and is published at the solicitation of the editors of the *Era*, under his sanction.—Editors.]

District Governor A. C. Wherry, President Heber J. Grant, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I suppose every public speaker has some particular ambition in his public work as a lecturer or speaker, some pet hobby, if you may so put it. Well, I have the distinct pleasure tonight of having an ambition of four years and a half fulfilled at this particular moment. Four years and a half ago, as Governor Wherry has just told you, I stood right here on this platform and faced an audience that practically filled the Tabernacle, and gave what has since come to be known as my Father's Address, which started all of this trouble ever since, so far as I am concerned, over the country. And again and again, as I have gone over the country giving this particular address on Sunday nights that I am giving to you, I have wished and hoped and prayed that that Sunday night might come before I was called home, when I should speak to the people of Salt Lake City in this particular place. Of course, I did not know when I came here last Friday morning that this Tabernacle was in process of being renovated and scaffolding all put in, and they told me that I was to speak in the Assembly hall, and I took that very graciously, glad even of the chance to speak to the people. And then the officials of this Church, of their own accord, went to the trouble of tearing down the scaffolding and changing the place of meeting to this Tabernacle; and when I heard that, you can know how very happy it made me; and I only hope that as I go on to speak in this hour, those officials and you will not feel sorry that the change was made.

My subject is *The Road to Happiness*. I do not want you to get the notion that I am going to bring to you a scheme, program or formula by which you can avoid trouble, difficulty or disappoint-

ments, as you go through life after tonight, because if God would give me the power to take from the people of this audience the troubles ahead of you and the difficulties and the disappointments that you are going to face, if I had the power to take those things from you, I would not exercise it, because I have lived long enough in this old world to find out that only as men and women face trouble, difficulty, disappointments courageously, in the fear of God, can a great, fine character be developed.

I say it reverently: God himself never gave to any man a character. That can only come to any man as he faces the circumstances which God brings into his life, and facing them courageously, passes through them, and is stronger because he passed through them and fought them, than before; but I want to show you, if I may, how that *when* the trouble comes, *when* your difficulties arise, *when* you face disappointments, as you will, that you can be happy during those experiences.

Has it never struck you people that here is a very strange fact in human experience—that while everybody in the world is trying to be happy, wanting to be happy, trying to find joy every day, yet very few people in this world are genuinely happy all of the time. I venture that you can count on the fingers of both hands, possibly one, the men and the women about whom you can honestly say, after you have known them: that man or that woman is a genuinely happy man or woman all of the time. What is the trouble? What is the difficulty? Is it because God did not desire that men and women should be happy all of the time? No, certainly not. Our friend Oscar read here a moment ago in the 4th of Philippians that wonderful passage which began like this, "Be happy in the Lord always," so that it was not His intention that men and women should be unhappy. Then, what is the difficulty? What is the trouble? I think the trouble lies right here—that most men and women are living on the theory that happiness is dependent upon *having certain things*. That is, we say it is dependent upon how much money we have, how much and what kind of clothes we can wear, the kind of houses we are able to live in, and things like that. I deny that theory, because it is false and untrue. I do not believe that *essentially* happiness depends upon whether you have got one cent of money in the bank or a million dollars. Happiness does not depend *essentially* upon whether you live in a cottage or a palace, upon whether you wear homespun clothes or silks and linens and furs. Well, if happiness does not depend then upon the having certain things, what does it depend upon? Can we get somewhere tonight as to that? Well, the late President Wilson, in the city of Pittsburgh, in 1914, made this very remarkable and striking statement about this very matter that we are discussing—how happiness comes—and I have quoted that man ever since on this one thing. He said: "Happiness is something that you can not find by seeking for it directly in things, houses, fine clothes,

automobiles, yachts, etc., but," he went on to say, "happiness is something that will always come into your life when you do certain things." In other words, happiness is dependent upon law.

I do not care into what realm of life you go, you will find that laws always operate and in the same way. Take it in the physical world. I hold in my hand this book. In about four seconds I am going to remove my hand from under that book. [The speaker then dropped the Bible on the pulpit.] You knew before I did that what would happen. Why? Because that is a law. Given certain conditions you will always get the same results in the physical world.

Just as true in the religious world. A man does not become good through chance or luck. If a man is a good man, it is only because that good man has followed the laws of God, which bring goodness to any man who follows them. That is a law of the universe, handed down through the centuries.

All right, take it in this matter of the soul or mind, where happiness resides to a certain extent. Here too, laws operate. If a man is a happy man it is not because he was born under a lucky star, not because he has a beautiful home, not because he has this, that or the other thing; but if he is a happy man, genuinely, it is because he followed the laws of God, which bring happiness to any man who will follow those laws.

Now, if that be true, I want to bring to you tonight five simple laws or rules for finding happiness as you go down through life; and I have a very practical suggestion to make to this audience. If you are not already happy all of the time, and would like to be happy, why don't you take these five simple rules and put them into practice every day, say for three months. That is a good time to find out whether a program will work or not. Suppose at the end of the three months you are no happier than you are tonight, what will you have lost by trying that experiment? Nothing, except your confidence in me. That is all you will lose. On the other hand, if you put these five rules into practice every day for three months, and at the end of that time you will have learned something of this finest of the fine arts, which is the art of always being happy, and sunny, and cheerful, and radiating that sunshine into the lives of the people that you touch from day to day. Wouldn't that be well worth your trial? All right, here they are:

First: *Cultivate the habit*—that is, do the thing over and over and over again until you can not help but do it. That is a habit—*cultivate the habit of always looking on the bright side of every experience that comes to you.* That is a very difficult habit for a lot of people to form, I will admit that. Why? Oh, because so many people say, and I suppose with a grain of truth: Well, I can not help worrying, I can not help being blue, I can not help being discouraged, because that is my temperament, my disposition. Haven't you heard

people say that all your lives? Robert Louis Stevenson answered that objection, and I want you to hear what he said:

"I am not responsible," said he, "for the kind of a temperament or disposition that I had handed to me when I came into this world; but I am responsible for the kind of temperament or disposition that I carry out of this world with me when I go."

Why was he right? Because disposition or temperament is a thing you can change, even after you have reached middle or adult life. How do I know? Well, because I have changed my own disposition or temperament in the last twelve years. If you do not believe me, hunt up Mrs. Barker and ask her. (Laughter.) I used to worry and fret and fuss about everything in the world I did not like—and things usually I did not like. If I have said this once I will venture I have said it a thousand times in years gone by, when things did not go to suit me: "Well, that is my luck. There you are, God has got it in for me. I never planned anything and it came out the way I planned it. I am born under an unlucky star."

Well, then, what changed me, because I have been changed? Simply working this first rule—stopping just as something happened that I did not like, and asking the question: Can I help it? If I couldn't, then I smiled about it and went on to the next thing. That is all.

Four years ago I gave this address in Kansas City to a very large audience, not as large as this, but a large one. At the close, the superintendent of schools of that city, Mr. Cummack, a Rotarian, came up to me, and said:

"Say, all the time you were talking about happiness I was thinking of one man of my acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, the principal of the North High School. I have known him many years. He is by far the happiest man I have ever known in my life." He said, "He is in the room too."

I said, "Go get him. I want to talk to him."

So, he came up, and after we had been introduced, we rode down in a taxi to my hotel. It took us about a half hour, and on the way, I said to Mr. Reynolds:

"Mr. Cummack tells me that you are a very happy man."

"Well," he said, "I think I am."

"Why," I said, "were you always that way?"

"Oh my, no!" He said, "I was the biggest grouch you ever met in your life, up until I was twenty-four, and then the change came."

"Well," I said, "tell me, what changed you?"

"Oh," he said, "it was just working your first rule, although I had never heard it put just as you give it, but that is the thing that changed me."

I said, "Tell me about it."

"Well," he said, "when I was about twenty-four years of age, I was working, trying to get some money ahead, saved up, to go to

college. Well, just about that time Joe Jefferson came to the city of St. Louis, where I was working as a clerk in a store. He came there to give that wonderful play, *Rip Van Winkle*, for which he was noted more than anything else. And finally, I determined that I was going to buy a couple of tickets and take my best girl. It cost me \$6.00, \$3.00 apiece; and I went to the girl, and said, 'Dorothy, now these tickets have cost me \$3.00 apiece. I want you to be ready for me when I come for you at five minutes of eight. You have got an unfortunate habit of keeping me waiting, and I do not want you to do it this time, because I want to see this play right from the beginning. I do not want to miss a thing of it; it cost too much.' And she told me that she would be ready. And so that night I went to the house, knocked on the door, and her mother came to the door; and she said: 'Come in; I am sorry to say Dorothy has been delayed, but she will be down after a bit.'

"Well," he said, "I went in and I walked back and forth in the parlor. I remember, just as well, saying, 'There it goes, I have paid six dollars for a couple of tickets and I am not going to see the first of that show;' and I said, 'I will give that girl a piece of my mind when she comes down. It will be the last time I will take her, too,' even though I thought the world of her—it just made me so mad," he said.

"While I was walking back and forth, I saw a book on the parlor table and picked it up. It was a book of poems, short poems." And, he said, "I opened to this little poem—and that poem has changed my whole life from that night since. This is what I read:

'For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or none.
If there is one, try to find it,
If there isn't, never mind it.'

"Well," he said, "I read that over three or four times, and I said, 'That reads like common sense. I wonder if I could do that just once. Let me see—

'For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or none.
If there is one, try to find it.
If there isn't, never mind it.'

"Now, it is a cinch I can not go up and help that girl dress, (laughter) and so, according to this poem, the thing for me to do is to be pleasant about it. I wonder if I could do that just once. I will try it. I am going to get myself under control and when she comes down I am going to be sweet and pleasant to her. I will see how that will work just once."

At twenty minutes after eight—the curtain went up at 8:15, you know—she came rushing into the room. "Oh," she said, "I am so sorry!"

I said, "That is all right. Now, I don't doubt but what you had a good reason. So don't worry about it. It is all right. Hurry up, though."

"So we hurried around to the theater—rushed up to the man who was taking the tickets at the door, and he said, 'Hold on, young man, you need not hurry; there has been an accident to the curtain and they can't get it up, so take your time!'" (Laughter.)

"We got into the theater; I took off my coat, put my hat under the seat; my girl got her coat off and removed her hat, and *just then the curtain went up.*"

"Now," said Mr. Reynolds, "that is what sold me. From that day on I began to work this rule: whenever I met a disappointment, whenever I met a difficulty, I would stop and would say: 'Can you help this thing? If you can, go and help it; but if you can't, smile about it, and go on to the next thing.'"

Now, that is how this first rule will work, and any man or woman in this audience can do that thing by will power and the help of God, and it may take both.

Second Rule: Accept cheerfully the place in life you find yourself each day, believing that while you are in that place it is the best place on earth for you.

That is a very difficult habit to form also. Why? Oh, because so many of us have fallen into the habit of comparing ourselves with other people, saying: "Oh, yes, if I had that man's chances, if I were in that woman's place, if I were only living in another city, if I had only married somebody else—then I could be happy." Don't you know that is the way we talk! Have you noticed that fat people always want to be thin? (Laughter.) And thin people always want to get fat? (Laughter.) And so it goes down through life—we are always wishing we had adopted another profession. We wish that we had lived in another state, at another time; we envy the people that go down to Palm Beach, Florida. Then, in the summer time, when it is hot, "Oh, I wish I were up in the mountains!" Always wishing we were somewhere else or in somebody else's place, whom we envy, because we think they are having a happier time than we are.

Now, I wish, my friends, you would recall what this wonderful man Paul said, in the passage that Oscar read here a few moments ago. He told of his experience, and while he was writing this thing, just please remember that this great apostle, Paul, was chained in a prison, between two Roman soldiers. Now, get it, you discontented people! This is what he said:

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Now, that means the state of Utah! That means the state of matrimony, or any other old state that you happen to be in!

I wonder if you can understand with what extreme hesitation I announced this second rule to eighteen hundred prisoners in the Ohio

state penitentiary. Just think of standing up before eighteen hundred prisoners, some of them in there for two years, some for ten, some for twenty, some for life; and saying to them: Men, if you want to be happy, accept cheerfully the place you are in today. That is the best place on earth for you. (Laughter.) I am going to tell you just exactly what I did. I sat on the platform; the chaplain of that penitentiary stood up, and then the men began to sing, before I was introduced. All at once I happened to think about this second rule. "Oh, my," I said, "I never can tell those fellows that! They will mob me! The idea of telling those men that the place they are in is the right place on earth for them." And I will tell you how I commenced to reason. I had about ten minutes while they were singing.

I said, "Now, I know what I will do—I will leave out the second rule. They will never know the difference. I will tell them I have got four rules to be happy."

And then I said to myself—I have a way of talking to myself—I do not commend that to other people, but I did it and I do it a great deal—I said, "Now, listen Charley, if you refuse to give this second rule before these men you never honestly can give it again before another audience, because if this rule will not work with men *inside* of a penitentiary, it will not work out." And so I said: "Now, Lord, you will have to give me help," and he did; and when I came to this second rule, I said:

"Now men, the second rule is even better than the first," and then I sprang it on them.

Well, there was a gasp, at the very audacity of the thing, I guess; and finally, one man began to laugh and that caught that whole audience, and I got by all right. But, I want to tell you that the following Wednesday, while I was still in Columbus, Ohio, the warden of that penitentiary called me up on the phone, and said: "So many of my prisoners out here have said to me: 'Will you please go and get Dr. Barker and ask him to come out and see us again. We want to thank him.'"

I said, "Certainly, I will come."

He said, "Will you come Wednesday, you and your wife?" because Mrs. Barker was with me.

I said, "We will."

I never had such an experience as I had that day, talking to hundreds of those men—for I spent several hours going through that penitentiary. Not one, not ten, not a score, but literally several hundred of those men—and several of them lifers too—said to me, when they took me by the hand, as I walked through: "I have been happier since last Sunday morning than I was outside before I got in here." And I was very glad then that I had the courage to give the rule, because it will work in a penitentiary; it will work out; it will work anywhere.

Now, I used to be just as silly as you people, in doing this thing—envying other people. (Laughter.)

Well, I was cured, and I am going to tell you what cured me. Simple thing! There hangs on the wall of a former patient of mine in the city of Washington, a little painting, about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, just at the top of the first landing of the stairs. And I went past that every time I went in to see this man. That painting got into my soul and it stopped me from wishing that I was anybody else, or lived in some other place. I wonder if it will not stop you, if you will pay very close attention to the description of this painting!

In the middle of this painting was a fence, and on each side of that fence were standing two donkeys. Each donkey had his head over on the other side of the fence eating grass. (Laughter.) You evidently see the point. On the bottom of that painting you will find etched these words, on a little brass plate: "How strange it is that the grass in the other fellow's pasture always seems to taste sweeter than the grass in your own. Those are a couple of silly asses, and you are one." (Laughter.)

You are one if you are doing the same thing, and you are if you have got your eyes fixed on somebody else or some other place, saying: O, well, if I could only be there, or younger, or some other place, I could be happier than I am!

So, if you live to be as old as Methuselah, and you keep your eyes open, you will come more and more to this conclusion that happiness for you is not over there, or yonder, or somewhere else, but that it is right around about you, if—if you look for it and then stoop down and pick it up, it is there every time.

The third rule. I know what some of you business men are now saying—possibly some of you women: Oh, well, if you are going to sit down and be contented with your lot you will never get anywhere. What is going to become of your ambition? Well, this third rule will take care of you and all of the ambition that you could possibly have. Now this is a rule for obtaining happiness. Keep that in mind:

Throw your whole soul and spirit into your work, whatever that work may be; and do it the best you know how.

That works like the law of gravitation. I say it reverently, and I am going to say it right here in this presence: There is not power in this universe that will keep happiness from the door of a man who will take his work in the world and say about it: This is mine from God for me. I did not want this work; I wanted that; but I did not get that and I have this. While I have it I am going to do it clear up to the hilt, to my level best. You can not keep happiness from that man.

Oh friends, when can you learn, when will you learn that the happiest men and women in this whole world are your working men

and women, either with hands or with brains, for they are? Do you know that it was my very peculiar privilege, while I was attending President Taft, to be called into the homes of a great many wealthy society people in Washington, purely by accident. Say! I had always supposed that wealthy, idle people were happy. Good night! I want to tell you people down here who are thinking that happiness would certainly come to you if you only belonged to the Four Hundred and had nothing to do but play Bridge in the afternoon, golf, or go to theaters and concerts at night, and to go on automobile and yachting trips, and all that sort of thing—get that out of your heads. Why? Because the most unhappy, miserable people I have ever known in my life were wealthy, idle people. Think that over.

What is the greatest truth in this Bible or out of it, next to the truth of salvation—we will put that first, of course—but next to that? It is the truth that Christ gave to the world in two parables. You will find one in the 19th chapter of Luke—the parable of the pounds; and the other in the 25th chapter of Matthew—the parable of the talents. Take those two parables and read them carefully together. What do you find? That Jesus Christ taught this marvelous truth that ought to send every man and woman in this audience back to your homes and to your work tomorrow with a song on your lips, if you catch the truth. What did he teach by those two parables? That it doesn't make a particle of difference *what* your work in the world is, if it is your work; but it makes all the difference in the world *how you* do your work. You see! That puts us all on the same footing. It gives every man the same chance. A man may be digging coal in a mine, he may be a bank president, he may sweep the streets of your city for a living, he may be your leading preacher—yet not one particle of difference among these four men, if each man is doing his work the best he knows how. That is the teaching of Jesus Christ to this old world. Every man of us can do his work the best he knows how, whether that is washing dishes, whether that is sweeping rooms, whether that is washing the faces of children when they go to school in the morning, whether that is standing behind a bank counter, whether that is preaching—all these things. Jesus Christ said: If that is your work, do it the best you know how, then the joy comes. Always comes.

When my daughter was a sophomore in college—that is the time when people know more than they ever know again. Have you found that out? (Laughter.)—Well, my daughter was afflicted with the same trouble. She was up at Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, on an outing in the summer time, with a lot of other girls. Went boating, bathing, played lawn tennis, did all the other things that girls do on an outing like that. Well, she wrote me several letters from there, and this was in the last one. She had heard this address that you are listening to, that I used to give at Chautauquas before I took up this

Rotary service. She had been with me on several trips, had heard it several times, and I suppose she thought she could add something to this happiness lecture. Well, she wrote this:

"Last night I had the most wonderful experience of my life. I went out canoeing in the moonlight with a young gentleman. I have been looking back over that experience, Daddy, and I have come to the conclusion that my ideal form of happiness is just to get into a canoe with a nice companion on a beautiful lake, or river, and then just drift, and drift, and drift."

How is that for Higher Education? (Laughter.) And I was paying for that thing, too. I thought it was about time that her father took her education in hand himself; so I wrote her this. I did not expect to ever use it in public, but after I read it, I said, I believe I can use that, and so I have put it in ever since. So, I give it to you. I said: "I was very much interested and somewhat amused by reading in your letter which came this morning, of the conclusion which you have now formed, as to what constitutes an ideal condition of happiness; because, if I am not mistaken, that is the identical notion of happiness which I also had when I, too, was passing through the assinine period of my life. But, your father has lived long enough in this old world to find out that the really happy men and women in it are not drifting around in canoes, but they are pulling away at the oars, sometimes with the current, sometimes against the current, sometimes pulling alone; but they are happy. Why? Because they have got a piece of God's work to do in the world, and they are doing it with courage in their hearts and with a song on their lips." And I said in conclusion in this letter: "The more you throw your soul and spirit into your work, whether that is studying,"—as she was, then at school—"whether that is teaching afterwards,"—as she did—"whether that is as a mother in a home,"—as she may be sometime—"the more you find out that therein—your work and there from—your work, will come to you some of the richest joys, as you go down through life."

Fourth rule: "*Form the habit of always doing kind things to all those people whose lives you touch each day.*" The rules are getting better.

My friends, I do not know of any preacher, statesman, philosopher, in the world's history, that is able to explain this very remarkable fact in human life, that the more of happiness you give away, the more you get back. Nobody can explain that but it is true. I will venture the opinion that the men who represent this great Church, on this platform tonight, will bear out this statement: The happiest people in your Church are the missionaries who are helping the most. [The speaker turned to President Grant who answered, "Correct."] Now, get this, will you! I repeat it, because I had my face turned in the other direction, and I want everybody in this audience to hear that—The happiest people in the "Mormon"

Church today are the missionaries out helping; helping; helping; wherever they can, and without any material reward for so doing. I say that—why? Because I have found by my contact in my life with those who are missionaries, not only in your Church, for I have known some of them, but missionaries in any church carrying help to those who sit in dark places, that they are the happiest people I have ever met in my life.

I remember so well, when I was at college, the young man that had the most brilliant future ahead of him, the young man that stood higher than any other man in the university. People said about him—"There is a man of mark, watch him! The President of the United States will not be too big a job for that man some day when he goes out into the world." We all expected that he was to be a lawyer, because that was his announcement. All at once, one day, I remember, in the church prayer meeting, this young man stood up and very modestly and quietly made the statement: "Friends, I have decided that I shall be a missionary to China." Oh, how we pitied him! I said to myself, as I went out of that church that night and back up to the university where I was rooming, "Well! well! if it had been anybody else, I would not feel so bad! Here is the greatest brain in the university, and throwing his life away on a few Chinks!" (Laughter.) "Going away off there to China, leaving this wonderful, beautiful land that we call ours, leaving home, leaving friends, to go over there among people that do not care a rap for him—throwing his life away!"

About eleven years after he went over there, he came back on his first visit, and I met him—he was one of the happiest men I have ever met in my life. I said to him, "John, when are you going back?"

He said, "Well, they gave me one year, and I have been here four months and I am going back next month."

I said, "What is the matter with you?"

"Oh," he said, "Charlie, it is hard to explain, but I am happier there than I have ever been in my life."

This does not mean that you have to be a missionary in China to be happy. The rest of you who are not called for that particular service, can be happy in Salt Lake City, if you are helping other people—if that is the tenor of your life—if you are getting your shoulder under the load of the people that you meet from day to day.

Did you ever stop to ask this question?—You ought to:—Why was Jesus Christ the happiest person that ever lived in this world, so far as we know, for he was? Because he was the Son of God? Now, wait a minute. He was the Son of God, in my judgment, understand. I believe in his Divinity. But, I do not think that was the reason why he was the happiest man that ever lived. Why? Because he was the world's greatest helper! That is why. Because wherever he got a chance he helped somebody. Here was a man born blind, and

he opened his eyes. Here was a woman born deaf, and he opened her ears. Here was a woman at the well, living in sin, and Jesus broke down the barriers of custom and said: "Sister, come on; you can live a better life yet if you will;" and he put her back on to the trail. While he was doing that, don't you remember the disciples came to him and said: "Say, Master, you'd better come to dinner." They did not think it was just the proper thing for him to be talking to a woman of the street that way, so they wanted him to get away.

But he said, "I have meat to eat that you know not of." What did he mean? Why, helping that woman back on to the trail and on her way. That was the thing that gave him joy, as it will to any one who will help the man or woman who is down and out in the work of life. You and I meet other people every day, walking the streets of Salt Lake City, everywhere we go, in business life, in our homes, in our neighborhoods, people who are thirsty—who are hungry—who are in prison to habits, and all that. What are you doing? If you are really helping those people, you are happy; and if you are not, you are missing joy.

I just want to call your attention, before I go to the last rule, to that most remarkable scene in the life of Jesus Christ, in my judgment, next to the crucifixion; and that was the scene in the upper room, just before he went to his death the next day. Recall the circumstances, will you now! At the close of that tiresome day, he said to those twelve friends of his that had stood by him so loyally during the three years of his ministry: Come my friends, I want to take you into an upper room, because this is my last night with you on earth, and I want to have a farewell visit. Now, how human that was. Oh, the humanity of Jesus Christ! How it touches us! And he would not touch us if he were not human; and this touches me every time I read it. He said: Friends, this is my last night; come up into this upper room.

If God would come to me and say that a certain night would be my last night on earth, what would I do? I would get my wife and my child and my sister—the three people that are closest to me on earth; and I would want them around me that last night.

And so he took his twelve friends up into an upper room. Their feet were covered with dirt and dust, because they wore sandals and not shoes, as we do. So that it became the custom in those days that the moment you went into a house, what happened? Why, the host always called a servant, the servant brought out a bowl of water and a towel, and then the sandals were unloosed and the feet were washed and wiped. All right, just imagine that this is the upper room. Here are couches around against the wall. They did not have chairs as we do. Here is the bowl of water and the towel that were just inside the door. Well, these twelve, tired-out Jews came trooping up into that upper room; and the moment they came in, they reclined. There was no servant there, so they should have done

this feet washing one to another. But they didn't—selfishly, they reclined. Christ came in. Did he hesitate? No. He girded himself, picked up the bowl of water and the towel and then he knelt before those poor fishermen.

That is the greatest scene in the history of the world, save the crucifixion—King of kings, Lord of lords, kneeling down there before those poor fisher-folk, unloosing their sandals, and washing and wiping their feet.

And when he had finished, he straightened up, and this is what he said: "Do you men see what I have been doing to you here tonight! You call me your Lord and Master, and so I am. Well, if I, your Lord and Master, have done this thing to you, don't you think you ought to do it, one to another? And then he went right on, and here is his secret. It is out now, out for all time. If you want happiness, here it is. I will quote him exactly:

"If ye know these things"—that is, if you catch the meaning of what I have been doing here tonight—"happy are ye, if ye do them."

Do you see? If you go out and help the folks that are in the neighborhood, the people that are down and out, the crippled people, the people that want to go to college and have nobody to help them, the people that are naked, the people that are hungry, the people that are thirsty—if you will go out and help those people, happy will you be. And if you and I are going to have that same joy that he had, we will have to travel the same road he trod.

Last rule. It is the best rule. Why do I say that? Because the adoption and the carrying out of this last rule has brought more of real, genuine happiness into my heart and life than anything else I have ever done. That is my testimony. You can take it for what you think it may be worth. What is that last rule?

That you *adopt, and then maintain*—that is keep up from day to day—a *simple, childlike attitude of confidence in God as your Father*.

I became a Christian when I was twelve years of age, I think—a member of the church. I know; but for the next twenty-eight years, until I was forty, I had no such relationship to God as I am talking about in this last rule, and I was not happy either. If I can show this great audience, in closing, what was the thing that prevented me from taking God as my Father, and then if I can show you what changed me, Oh, I can help you to be happy.

Somebody, when I was a boy—I don't know who that somebody was—gave me this idea about God, and you know those childish ideas some times last clear down through adult life; and this lasted with me until I was forty years of age. This was the notion I always had of God, up until then: Whenever I thought of God, I always conceived him as a being sitting up there in the heavens somewhere, on a great white throne. I thought he had a long white beard, a piercing eye, and that he was always trying to catch me in doing something wrong; and then he made me feel miserable.

Now, you can laugh at that, my friends, but hundreds of Christian men and women have come to me in the last ten years, since I have been giving this address, and have said to me at the close: "Well, that is the very idea of a God I have had, too." I remember that in Mississippi, a Mrs. Butterfield, one of the most charming women of the South, came up to me at the close of this address, and she said: "I have been a Christian myself for nearly twenty-five years; I have been teaching a class of college women for thirteen years in Sunday school. Do you know that I have always been afraid of God. I have been afraid," she said, "to let on when I was happy some times, for fear that God would come along and take that away from me."

How many times have I known of a mother with a babe in her arms or on her lap telling everybody that came around her what a wonderful child she had; and then you know some old granny would come along, or somebody else, and say: "Now, look out sister, don't you become too fond of that child, or God will take it away from you." Haven't you heard that all down through your life?

Nineteen centuries have come and gone since Jesus Christ came into this world. One of his purposes in coming was to show us folks down here that God is not like that. Yet I thought he was. How could I take him as my Father, with any such notion in my head. I couldn't, nor I didn't. How could I love him? I couldn't, nor I didn't, and neither can you. Then what changed me, for I was changed?

Twelve years ago, alone one night, I was sitting in my home in Washington, reading a newspaper. It might have been a secular newspaper. I think now, as I look back, that it was a religious journal. But, no difference. I sat there and read the statement that has changed my life for joy ever since that night. The first time I read it it did not make such a very marked impression upon me—I will admit that. But I read it a second time, and a third—I read it a dozen times that night, going over it, poring over it. All at once the light broke into my soul, and it has never left me since that night. This is what I read. Did you ever see it?

"One hundred and forty-eight times in the four Gospels, Jesus Christ, in talking to the people about God, always called him Father—our Father, your Father, my Father, the Father. It was his universal name for God."

I read that a second time, a third, a fourth; and then I began to reason. I said: That is something I never thought of before. I am a father; I have a daughter. There is not a day since that child was born that I would not do anything under the sun I could do for her, to make her happy. Why? *Because I am her father*, and no other reason. All her life that daughter of mine has been coming to me, asking me for this and for that and for the other thing. What do I do? Well, if I have those things she asks for, and my judgment as

her father, with my years of wisdom, tells me that those are good things for her to have, she gets them every time. Why? Because I am her father. No other reason.

And when I got that far in my reasoning the light broke. I sat there, my friends, in perfect amazement. I said, "Well, well, so you are my Father, and I have always been afraid of you. Here is my hand. From this day on, in so far as I know what you would like to have me do as your child, I am going to do that, and then it will surely be up to you to give me joy and happiness." He has kept his side of that contract all these twelve years. From every source, and in unexpected ways, all these years, have the joys been coming.

I do not ask you folks to believe that, because I am a stranger to most of you. I ask you to do that same thing. Tell him that you will do what he wants you to do. If he is your Father he will never ask you to do anything that would not be for your good and for your joy in the long run. Never! Never! All right, take him at his word, just like a child.

Now, you see, you cannot take any credit for this. Nobody can take any credit for this. Nobody can boast of this. Oh, no! no! no! But you can do that simple child-like way of putting your hand in his, and just going on—that is all. Just going on! You will find, if you will do those two things, first, that *he is your Father*, and then you will find that the joys are always coming.

During the four years that it was my great privilege to be associated with President Taft, I had to go into the White House every morning at 7 o'clock. I never went in there yet that I did not pass by a little framed couple of verses written by Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, called "Life." Some one had sent these verses framed to Mr. Taft, just after he was elected to the presidency in November, 1908. He said to me one day: "Do you know that these two verses contain such a wonderful inspiration for joy that I am going to hang them where I can see them every morning, and there they hung on the walls of his bedroom for four years, and they were the only thing that hung on that wall during that time. With this I close:

Let me but live my life from year to year,
 With forward face and unreluctant soul;
 Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
 Not mourning for the things that disappear
 Into the dim past, nor holding back in fear,
 From what the future veils; but with a whole
 And happy heart, that pays its toll
 To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy:
 Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
 New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
 Because the road's last turn will be the best.

A STUDY OF BOOK OF MORMON TEXTS

BY J. M. SJODAHL

Nephi. This word, with certain endings, appears in Ezra 2:50 and Nehemiah 7:52, as *Nephusim* and *Nephishesim*, and the meaning in Hebrew is given as "expansions."

George Reynolds (*Story of the Book of Mormon*, p. 296) shows that "Nephi" is derived from an Egyptian root, "N-ph," meaning "good," and transcribed into Hebrew as "Noph" (Is. 19: 13; Jer. 2:16; 46:14; Ezek. 13:13). The modern name for the city of Noph is Memphis. Mr. Reynolds points out that one of the names given to Osiris, the great god of the realm of the dead, was "Dnephi," or "Nephi"—the "d" being silent as in the names of the rivers "Dniester," "Dnieper," etc—and that the city dedicated to him was called "Noph." The word occurs in Egyptian names, such as Amoneph, Amuneph, and Me-Nephta.

According to the Book of Mormon, one of the most conspicuous characters in the history of ancient America was Nephi, the fourth son of Lehi and the father of the main body of the Nephite people. A son of Helaman, one of the great prophets and statesmen of this part of the world, was also called Nephi, as was one of the twelve apostles chosen by our Savior as his messengers to the ancient Americans. The latter also had a son called Nephi (4 Nephi 1:19). Then there was a city of Nephi, or Lehi-Nephi, and a land of Nephi, and the people who were faithful to his teachings and honored his memory were called Nephites. There was a judge called Nephiah, and a city and a country district bore the same name, and there were, finally, the plains of Nephiah.

Owing to the tragic history of the Nephites, we may not expect to find their name perpetuated in more modern American proper nouns to the same extent as that of the Lamanites, but there is, in the upper valley of the Amazon, an extended and numerous nation of Indians called Zaparos. At present their main body, says Dr. Brinton, dwells between the river Pastaza and Napo and along the Marañon between the rivers Zamora and Morona (The American Race, pp. 280-1). The Zaparos are by Osculati described as tall and fine-looking, while other explorers find them less attractive, the difference in views depending probably, on which tribe of the nation they happened to come in contact with. Their language is said to be agreeable to the ear, partaking of the phonetic character of the Brazilian idioms. One of the tribes of this nation still bears the name of Nepa. This name, as well as the name of the river Napo,

near the locality where the Nepa Indians live, may safely be assumed to be derived from the same root as Nephi.

In Mexico, the influential *Nahua* nations once flourished, one branch of which the Spaniards under Cortez encountered on their arrival in the New World. Bancroft devotes the larger part of the second volume of his *Native Races* to the civilization of this interesting people, linguistic relatives of whom are found all the way from the Isthmus of Panama to the banks of the Columbia River. Dr. Brinton classes them all as one group, the *Uto-Aztec*, and he says: "The principal members of this stock are the Utes, Shoshones and Comanches in the north, various tribes in Sonora, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, and Durango in the center, and the Nahuas or Aztecs in the south. It is not to be understood that one of these derived its idioms from the other, but rather that at some remote epoch all three were offshoots from some one ancestral stem." Dr. Brinton is of the opinion that the relationship of all these numerous bands is "unquestionable," though many of them have adopted words from other stocks. (*The American Race*, pp. 118-164).

Concerning the origin of the word *Nahua* it may not be possible to speak with certainty. The authorities tell us it means "something of fine, or clear, or loud sound," and that one form of it, *nahuatlato* means "interpreter." It is also said to mean to "instruct," and some think it refers to instruction in the occult subjects more particularly. Brasseur de Bourbourg considers it a Quiche word, derived from *nao* or *naw*, meaning to "know," to "think."

This points directly to the Hebrew *naba*, which means to "pour forth," and then to "speak as moved by the divine impulse," to "prophecy." From that root we have *nebi*, a "prophet," an "interpreter" of the divine will, one who speaks clearly, or instructs. But *nephi* and *nebi* are practically the same word.*

Considering, therefore, the literal form of the word *nahua*, and its meaning, and also the religious and civic institutions and traditions of the Nahuas, it seems to be clear that that people in their very name proclaim themselves to be the Nephites of the Book of Mormon—that is, their descendants. On that supposition *Anahuac*, the name of the valley where the Aztecs established a central government, would mean the land of Nephi, or Nephites, by the water, to distinguish it, possibly, from some other Land of Nephi.

*Among the Assyrians the god who presided over the unction of kings was known as *Nabo*. The Egyptian god Set was also called *Nub* or *Noph*, and *Neb*; meaning Lord. The Hebrews retained the word in *nebi*, a prophet.—S.

A MECCA FOR SERVICE

BY A. REX JOHNSON

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

So spoke the Master in ancient times. At no period in the history of the world has there been greater need for a personification and an exemplification of this much quoted phrase than at the present time. The spirit of helpfulness, and the desire to carry out the slogan of the Brigham Young University, "Training for Leadership," have actuated students of the University during the past three years in fostering a very novel and distinctive program of unselfish service for their fellow men.

During the school year 1922-3 considerably over 200 different students—one out of each 4 attending—participated in programs, lyceum numbers, and various types of entertainment in sacrament meetings, Mutuels, Sunday Schools, conferences, schools, clubs, and other organizations. Most of the participants were used several times. Sometimes these entertainments are given absolutely without cost to the public, but transportation is usually furnished by the group or organization which receives the services. During the school year just passed a very conservative count showed that over 20,000 people, most of them church-goers, had enjoyed the efforts of members of the "Y" student body outside the halls of the institution. These entertainments consisted of solos and combinations of all sorts of musical instruments, varied kinds of vocal selections, readings, one-act plays, etc. Speakers on various subjects, from among members of the student body, especially in the case of returned missionaries and public speaking students, were available on all occasions and at short notice. Of the services rendered last year, by far the largest percentage were for Church organizations, and practically every participant when given a choice chose this field.

The year 1923-24 promised even a more fertile period for service. At the beginning of this school year a complete individual record of all students who are able to participate in any sort of public or church activity was obtained and is now on file in the student body office. With this basic information the officers and members of the Public Service Bureau are bending every effort toward filling promptly and effectively every demand made upon them this year by all Church organizations, clubs, and schools within convenient distance of the University, and an ever-widening field of activity is sought.

Records show that the ability of the student to serve increases almost in direct proportion to the number of years spent in the institution; last year the largest number of participants were from the upper division college classes of the institution.

Where can a better opportunity be found for service than in answering the call of those who lead the various organizations of our Church or social units of our rapidly growing commonwealth? The function of the Church School, first to build spiritually, is indeed being manifest in this field of community leadership and service.

Ask and ye shall receive!

Provo, Utah

Potent Motherhood

I walked forlornly lone one day,
Along a busy, thronged highway;
No face familiar did I see,
No friendly voice saluted me.

My gown was not the latest cut,
A maid exclaimed, "Look at that mutt."
My hat was two years past the style;
Another said, "My, what a tile!"

Block after block I passed them by,
Some eyes were lowered, some heads held high,
Until at length I met a lad
With a smile that made my heart grow glad.

"Paper! paper!" loud he cried,
As he his ovation plied.
I paused to purchase from his stand,
And as I placed within his hand
A meagre coin, I cautioned him
Against e'er yielding unto sin.

His face grew sad then as he said,
"My mother is but lately dead,
And e'er she left me here alone,
I promised her to keep my own
Good name free from all evil taint.
My mother truly was a saint."

"She keeps a watch-care over me,
I do believe, and she can see
I'm selling papers now to gain
A little money to obtain
More learning through the year of school.
I do not mean to live a fool."

Again I walked among the throng
Of that vast highway, when along
There came a man, a man of power;
Honor proclaimed itself his dower.
Strong was he and frank of face,

The image of a godly grace.
 He gave to me a friendly hand,
 Recalling to my mind the stand
 Where he had daily papers sold,
 Not merely from a greed for gold.
 He spoke again of that dead saint,
 Whose memory had kept him from taint
 Of evil and had made him strong
 To walk that broad highway along,
 With head erect and eye undimmed,
 While others were by rum red-rimmed.
 We parted and I went my way,
 Exultant in my heart that day,
 That motherhood had power won,
 To hold secure from sin this son.

Provo, Utah.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Father

There's only one word, and we call it "bother,"
 That rhymes with the good old name of "Father;"
 But why need we worry in terms of rhyme,
 Or offer our praise in beats of time,
 For, along with Motherhood's matchless fame,
 I dignify Fatherhood just the same.

They don't paint father in monochrome,
 Or sing his graces in monotone;
 They rather neglect him in things of art,
 But Dad goes on with his manly part,
 And, along with Motherhood's splendid aim,
 I build him a pedestal just the same.

They speak of father in terms of state:
 To me he's a pal and an old playmate;
 And, though no halo adorns his brow,
 He's worth whole yards of it here and now,
 For along with Motherhood's wondrous name
 I eulogize Fatherhood just the same.

Mesa, Arizona

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

How Sweet is Now Thy Heaven

Fair Soul of Love! How sweet is now thy heaven!
 Glorious and blest beyond all earthly care—
 Rare, radiant dawn! A crown of life is given
 Such as the tried, the true, the faithful wear!
 Ransomed in Love and Peace; the Grace Eternal
 Kisseth the weary earth-cares from thy brow;
 Fountains of joy leap crystalline, supernal
 Rare Soul of Love! Sweet is thy heaven now!

Beauty and light shone ever brightly o'er thee!
 Justice and right were evermore thy law;
 Flowers of grace and mercy smiled before thee,
 Pure was thy charity without one flaw.
 And though our hearts are bowed with woe and sorrow,
 Faith shineth clear to cheer this prayerful vow;
 We will look up and hope and gladness borrow,
 Rare Soul of Love! How sweet thy heaven now!

Loved Woman-Queen! How glorious was thy mission!
 Fond Mother-Heart! To many hearts so dear!
 Ah, tenderly we weep thy quick transition,
 Warm human ties that feign would bind thee here:
 O'er death's dark portal passed supreme, victorious,
 Unto thy home-ward call we meekly bow,
 Beyond the veil, where all is fair and glorious,
 Peace, holy peace! Sweet is thy heaven now!

Salem, Utah,

Minnie Iverson Hodapp.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO PIONEER MOTHERS

The above is a proposed monument to the wives of the pioneers who aided in founding the homes of the West and who suffered unrecorded privations in so doing. When completed it will be dedicated to those unnamed and almost forgotten heroines who, through their integrity, made possible the achievement. The monument, appropriate if set in any western town before the school house, or in the public park, is the conception of Mr. Gavin Jack, of Salt Lake City, who recently exhibited the model. The whole composition, including the tired mother and her child, the wagons and oxen by which the long journey was completed, is remarkably direct in significance, and simple yet profound in symbolism. The author seeks aid in general subscriptions to complete his work.

Editors' Table

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH—TEMPLE WORK—FAITH IN CHRIST—PRAYER

BY PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, IN AN ADDRESS TO THE SAINTS
ON THE OPENING OF THE NINETY-FOURTH ANNUAL
CONFERENCE OF THE CHURCH

It certainly is a very inspiring sight to see this house full and people standing at this our first session of the conference.

The Church in Excellent Condition

I rejoice in the growth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at home and abroad. I rejoice in feeling that we have every cause to be grateful to the Lord for the blessings that have come to us during the past year. I believe that I am within the bounds of truth when I say that the Church was never in a better condition than at the present time, that there was never greater unity existing among the general authorities of the Church, more anxiety and determination to serve the Lord, than today; that we never had more energetic and faithful men presiding over the stakes of Zion and in the wards and missions of the Church than today; neither have we had more energetic, faithful men and women, than have been presiding and are presiding at the present time, as general, stake and ward officers in our various auxiliary organizations.

Good Work by the Auxiliary Organizations

It fell to my lot, yesterday afternoon, to address the conference of the Relief Society for a few minutes. The Assembly Hall was filled to overflowing, and many people were standing. I am convinced that such a gathering as that of active, wide-awake, energetic women-members could not be witnessed, among any other people, who are no more numerous than are the Latter-day Saints. Our Relief Societies are doing a very remarkable and wonderful work in looking after the sick and the afflicted. I remember one very good friend of mine, a non-member of the Church, said to his wife just before he passed away, so she told me, that no other people, in his estimation—and he had traveled nearly all over the world—took as good care of their sick and looked after their poor as well as do the Latter-day Saints. They are really one great family of brothers and sisters, united with a common bond of love and respect. Our young people, and those who look after the children of the Primary Association are also doing a splendid work.

Satisfactory Reports from the Missions

The reports from our Missions from all over the world are very satisfactory; and the one call, claim, or plea that is made is, "Send us more missionaries." There is only one real exception to this, and that is in Japan. There is no exception in the call for more missionaries in that field, but, after twenty-odd years of labor in that country, we are convinced that not a dozen people have been thoroughly converted to the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have seriously considered the question of closing that mission, but have not yet arrived at any conclusion.

Enlightening Statistics

It has been customary, at April conferences to give some statistics to the people regarding the expenditure of their tithing. Nearly the entire tithing paid during the past year has been returned, in various appropriations, to the different stakes of Zion.

General—The amount returned to the stakes from the tithes, for stake and ward purposes, during the past year, and for maintenance and operation of the same, has been (I shall not read the odd figures) \$ 993,000

The amount expended for the maintenance and operation of Church schools has been 835,000

The amount expended for the construction, maintenance and operation of temples has been 449,000

Expended for hospital construction 146,000

Since our last General Conference our hospital in Idaho Falls, costing in the neighborhood of \$400,000 has been dedicated, and is open for the care of the afflicted.

For Charity—For the care of the worthy poor and other charitable purposes, including hospital treatment 171,000

Missions—For the maintenance and operation of all the missions, and for the erection of places of worship and other buildings in the missions 586,000

The grand total—Taken from the tithes, and returned by the Trustee-in-Trust to the Saints for the maintenance and operation of the stakes and wards, for the maintenance and operation of Church schools, temples, charities, and for mission activities, is \$3,182,207.22

Other charities—In addition to charities paid out of the tithes, as before stated, there have also been distributed the fast offerings and Relief Society and other charities, amounting to \$471,000 which, added to the \$171,000 paid from the tithes, makes a total of Church charities of \$643,060.47.

Following statistics and other reports are compiled from the Church records for the year 1923:

Church growth—Children blessed and entered upon the records of the Church, in the stakes and missions 19,199

Children baptized in the stakes and missions 13,020

Converts baptized and entered on the records of the stakes and missions 7,492

The organized stakes of Zion now number 90.

Wards and independent branches 972.

There are 24 missions of the Church.

There are branches in the missions, 635.

The birth-rate in the Church is 35 per 1000.

The marriage-rate is 14 per 1000. I think that ought to be increased.

The death-rate is 7.2, which is certainly very satisfactory indeed.

There are 157,990 persons in the Church who are married.

There were 241 persons divorced in the year 1923.

Families owning their own homes, 75%.

*Temple Statistics—In 1918 and 1923—A comparison for the past five years—*Baptisms, five years ago 175,000; last year 393,000
Ordinances, five years ago 154,000; last year 442,000

Total ordinances in 1918 329,529; in 1923 836,053
or an increase of more than 150%—over 500,000 more ordinances performed last year than five years ago.

*Missionary Statistics—*On Foreign missions, from stakes of Zion, there are 1,798

Local elders laboring in foreign missions 83

Special missionaries laboring in the stakes of Zion 2,137

Total missionaries 4,018

*Stake Presidents—*There have been appointed since last October the following Stake Presidents: Wayne H. Redd, San Juan stake. Henry M. Mickelsen, Lost River stake. M. Howard Randall, Morgan stake. James Berkley Larsen, Shelley stake. Winslow Farr Smith, Ensign stake. William H. Callahan, Wayne stake.

There have been new wards organized: In the Roosevelt Stake, Mountwel; in the Liberty stake, Yale; in the Los Angeles stake, Belvedere and Glendale.

Text for an Important Subject

I am requested to read this announcement.

"Mendelssohn's oratorio entitled, *Elijah*, will be given this evening, Friday, in the Tabernacle, commencing at 8:15. In addition to the choir of two hundred and fifty voices selected from the Tabernacle Choir, ten talented soloists, and an orchestra of forty men, will take part. The committee announce popular prices of 25c and 50c. Tickets may be obtained at the box office and at the Bureau of Information. The choir and musicians have been preparing this splendid oratorio for many months, and a musical treat is promised to all who attend. Will you kindly emphasize the above, and oblige,

Sincerely, *The Committee.*"

I have decided to emphasize it by devoting my talk, entirely, or practically so, to that subject. I had not made up my mind until this morning what I would talk about.

On the 21st day of September, 1823, nearly seven years before the organization of the Church, Moroni, an angel, made the following statement to Joseph Smith the Prophet:

"Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

"And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers.

"If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming."

In the revelation known as the Preface to the Doctrine and Covenants we are told:

"Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled.

"What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, and I excuse not myself; and though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same.

"For behold, and lo, the Lord is God, and the Spirit beareth record, and the record is true, and the truth abideth forever and ever. Amen."

The Appearance of Elijah

In 1836, about thirteen years after the angel Moroni declared that Elijah should restore again the Priesthood, Elijah appeared to Oliver Cowdery and the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the Kirtland temple. The record of this appearance is to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 110. Not only did Elijah appear, upon that occasion, in the Kirtland temple, to the Prophet and to Oliver Cowdery, but the Savior and others appeared, and I will read not only regarding Elijah's appearance, but also that of the Savior. The Savior stated:

"I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father."

Our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, Lives

I know of nothing for which we, as Latter-day Saints, should be more grateful than the absolute knowledge that every Latter-day Saint has, that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world, the Son of the living God. All over the world today, even among professed Christians, there is a lack of faith in the divinity of the Savior. Even some ministers of the gospel go far enough to declare from their pulpits that they do not believe that Jesus was the Son of God. There is no doubt in the mind of any Latter-day Saint living regarding the fact that Jesus is the Son of God, because when the boy Joseph Smith, not yet fifteen years of age went into the woods to pray in the Sacred Grove, he saw God the Father and God introduced to him his well-beloved Son, and told this boy to hear Him. Every Latter-day Saint believes absolutely in the revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants, that they are true; and in one of these revelations we have this recorded by Sidney Rigdon and the Prophet:

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony last of all, which we give of him; That he lives!

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

"That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

We have an account of the actual appearance of the Savior in the first temple erected in this dispensation which was at Kirtland:

"I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father.

"Behold, your sins are forgiven you; you are clean before me; therefore, lift up your heads and rejoice.

"Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have, with their might, built this house to my name.

"For behold, I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here; and I will manifest myself to my people in mercy in this house."

Then after the appearance of the Savior we have the following:

Keys to Gathering of Israel Restored

"After this vision closed, the heavens were again opened unto us; and Moses appeared before us, and committed unto us the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the ten tribes from the land of the north."

One of the Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints is:

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion shall be built upon this [the American] continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and, that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory."

"After this, Elias appeared, and committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, saying that in us and our seed all generations after us should be blessed.

Visitation of Elijah in Fulfilment of Malachi's Prediction

"After this vision had closed, another great and glorious vision burst upon us; for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us, and said:

"Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi—testifying that he [Elijah] should be sent, before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come—

"To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse—

"Therefore, the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands; and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors."

This visitation of Elijah to the Kirtland temple was on April 3, 1836, the 88th anniversary being yesterday.

The Faith of the Saints Verified by Temples and Works Therein

I rejoice in the fact that the Latter-day Saints believe absolutely, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that Elijah did come, that he did commit the keys to Oliver Cowdery and to Joseph Smith, and the temple erected in Kirtland, the temple erected in Nauvoo, and the temples that have been erected here in this state of Utah, and those in Hawaii and in Canada, and the one that is now being erected in Mesa City, Arizona, bear testimony, to the extent of millions of dollars of money, of the faith of the Latter-day Saints that the keys have been given, whereby we can, in very deed, be saviors upon Mount Zion for those who have died without a knowledge of the gospel.

An Awakening on this Subject in all the World

And simultaneously, almost, with the declaration way back in

1823 by the Angel Moroni, (Section 2, Doctrine and Covenants that I have read to you,) all over the world there came into the hearts of people, not of our faith, a desire to organize genealogical societies, to compile records of names by the thousands, and tens of thousands. I have met in many lands and in many climes, men who have spent years, and a large amount of treasure, and almost their entire time, in compiling records of their ancestors. I have asked them why they did it. They said they did not know, they were seized with a great desire to compile records of their ancestors; and, as we know, these records are worth their weight in gold to the Latter-day Saints.

Interest in Work for the Dead Increasing

It fell to my lot last night to make a brief address to the representatives of the Genealogical societies and organizations of the Church, on the top floor of the Bishop's Building. The auditorium there was crowded to overflowing. We have had a great many gatherings there at one time and another, but I have never attended a gathering in that building when the room was as well filled as it was last night. It was a meeting of enthusiastic laborers, whose works testify to the coming of Elijah, to the turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of the children to the fathers. This work is being carried on, and as I have read to you in the statistics here this morning, over five-hundred thousand more ordinances were performed in our temples this past year than were performed during a like period five years ago. I rejoice in the splendid work that is being accomplished, and in the wonderful loyalty of those who are working in the temples, and those who are gathering information for genealogical work of different kinds.

I believe that the Committee will be reasonably well satisfied with my emphasis of the great oratorio here tonight of *Elijah*. I hope the house will be crowded to overflowing.

We are Engaged in the Marvelous Work of the Lord

I rejoice in the blessings of the Lord, I rejoice in a knowledge that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God. We are engaged in the work of the Lord, and I wish to read the words of the Lord given to the grandfather of our late beloved President Joseph F. Smith, the father of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. These words were given, remember, before the Church was organized:

"Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men.

"Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day.

"Therefore, if ye have desire, to serve God, ye are called to the work;

"For behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that

thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul;

"And faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work.

"Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence.

"Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Amen."

The Great Purpose of our Labors Declared

And before the Church was organized a revelation was given to the father of our beloved President Joseph F. Smith. I will not read it all, but it is Section 11, given in May, 1829, nearly a year before the organizing of the Church. Hyrum Smith desired that his brother, the Prophet, should inquire of the Lord as to what labor he should perform. He said:

"Now, as you have asked, behold, I say unto you, keep my commandments," I desire with all the power that God has given me to emphasize that. That applies to every man, woman and child in all the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Keep my commandments, and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion.

"Seek not for riches but for wisdom; and, behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, even as you desire of me so it shall be done unto you; and, if you desire, you shall be the means of doing much good in this generation.

"Say nothing but repentance unto this generation."

Remember that, O all ye people: Say nothing but repentance. Teach and live the first principles of the gospel, and let the mysteries of heaven wait until you get to heaven.

"Keep my commandments, and assist to bring forth my work, according to my commandments, and you shall be blessed.

"Behold, thou hast a gift, or thou shalt have a gift if thou wilt desire of me in faith, with an honest heart, believing in the power of Jesus Christ, or in my power which speaketh unto thee:

"For, behold, it is I that speak; behold, I am the light which shineth in darkness, and by my power I give these words unto thee.

"And now, verily, verily, I say unto thee, put your trust in that Spirit which leadeth to do good—yea, to do justly, to walk humbly, to judge righteously; and this is my Spirit* * *

"Build upon my rock, which is my gospel;

"Deny not the spirit of revelation, nor the spirit of prophecy, for wo unto him that denieth these things;

"Therefore, treasure up in your heart until the time which is in my wisdom that you shall go forth.

"Behold, I speak unto all who have good desires, and have thrust in their sickle to reap.

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I am the life and the light of the world.

"I am the same who came unto mine own and mine own received me not;

"But verily, verily, I say unto you, that as many as receive me, to them will I give power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on my name. Amen."

Please remember, Latter-day Saints, that this revelation declares that the Lord speaks unto all of us who have a desire to labor—to seek not for riches, but to bring forth the work of God, and to labor for the accomplishment of that purpose.

The Responsibility of Parents

Now I see the time that I decided to occupy has expired, but I want to speak just a little more and read a few words that I have been studying occasionally, now for forty long years, since it fell to my lot to be one of the apostles:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

"For this shall be a law"—not an exhortation remember, but a law—"unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized.

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands.

"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

The Sacred Duty of Communion with God Through Prayer

And the way to teach our children to pray is to pray ourselves in secret and in our families. There is too much neglect in having communion with God on the part of many of the Latter-day Saints. I feel a joy and a happiness every day of my life in communicating with my Maker, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, my Redeemer. And those who do not have a radio communication, so to speak, with our Heavenly Father and our Redeemer, are losing the inspiration that comes from the Lord.

"And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

"And the inhabitants of Zion also shall remember their labors, inasmuch as they are appointed to labor, in all faithfulness; for the idler shall be had in remembrance before the Lord.

"Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness.

"These things ought not to be, and must be done away from among them; wherefore, let my servant Oliver Cowdery carry these sayings unto the land of Zion.

"And a commandment I give unto them—that he that observeth not his prayers before the Lord in the season thereof, let him be had in remembrance before the judge of my people.

"These sayings are true and faithful; wherefore, transgress them not, neither take therefrom.

"Behold, I am Alpha and Omega, and I come quickly. Amen."

Take to Heart the Duty of Teaching Faith in Jesus Christ

I pray that the parents who are within the sound of my voice, and those who may read in the conference reports, or in our papers, what I say, may take to heart the duty that devolves upon them under a commandment from the Lord Almighty to teach faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to their children, that they shall pray and walk uprightly. That the Lord may help us to rear our beloved children in the nurture and admonition of the gospel, and in a love of God and of our Redeemer, and that each and every soul that has a testimony of the divinity of this work may live the gospel in uprightness, in virtue, and in truth, that their lives may preach the truth to those with whom they come in contact, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Books

Hidden Heroes of the Rockies, by Isaac K. Russell, in collaboration with Howard R. Driggs, professor of Education in English, University of Utah, is a book of 294 pages, beautifully illustrated with drawings and photographs by Herman Palmer, and published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York. It is one of the Pioneer Life series, and forms a background of the later story of the pioneers of the far western frontier. It is in reality an account of the trail blazers of the Hudson Bay and American Fur Companies, and their conflicts between themselves and the wild Indians. In it is told the story of the first western pathmakers, trappers and mountaineers, as they struggled for the possession, for their purposes, of the great Rocky Mountain inland empire. The early pen stories of Washington Irving, Peter Skene Ogden, Chittenden, Cooke, and a number of the Astorians—and more modern writers of the great west, have been consulted for inspiration for its pages; besides these, some twenty other authors, who have left writings of exploits of these early trail-blazers, have been drawn upon. Accounts are given of the tense struggle for possession of the hunting grounds and beaver streams in this inter-mountain region. The thirty-eight chapters of the book bring to view in enlightening text the dangers and hardships, the struggles and adventures of these mountaineer trappers in carrying the spirit of America into the wilderness from which new courage and luster was added to our country's story. The book will especially be interesting to the descendants of the "Mormon" pioneers who came here, not like the trappers to divest the country of its game and furs and then return to civilization, but who came here to settle and to live. It is no discredit to the pioneers of Utah and the west, who came in 1847 to make their homes here, that their leaders were to some extent familiar with the trail blazers who had already named the lake and many of the rivers, mountain peaks, and valleys of this and the surrounding region, and which names in many instances still persist. Ashley's discovery of the South Pass gateway in 1825, and how he re-opened the western fur trade of our country, is thrillingly portrayed. The discovery of the Great Inland Sea by Bridger is fascinatingly told. Peter Skene Ogden's travels are pictured, and particularly interesting locally is the account of his winter camps at Ogden's Hole, which name, as far back as up to 1873-4 was perpetuated in the name of what is now North Ogden, in Weber county, and still endures in the names of Ogden City, Ogden Canyon, and river and Valley. Smith's travels in 1827, the Astors' party in 1812, and the travels and achievements of a score of early trappers whose names still persist in Henry's Fork, Pierre's Hole, Jackson's Hole, Ogden Valley, Weber

river, named from Weaver, a trapper who was killed by the Indians on that river; Black's Fork, and many others. Evidences of their travels and discoveries, with thrilling stories of their adventures, are discussed in the book. The text is a splendid background, to be read and appreciated as a precursor to books treating the founding of Utah by the "Mormon" Pioneers, and later histories of the great West. That the leaders of the pioneers of Utah were in a measure at least familiar with the discoveries of these pre-pioneer heroes cannot be doubted, but it is no belittlement of their wonderful achievements, in settling and subduing the waste places, that these hidden heroes of the Rockies traversed the country before the arrival of the people who came here to stay and not to strip the country for money or gain. The reader of the present generation will find many stories and adventures in the book that will prove intensely interesting—A.

Books Received: *Applied Character Analysis*, by John T. Miller, Editor of *Character Builder*, and director of the Vocational Guidance Bureau, Los Angeles California, the Gorham Press, Boston; 27 chapters, 223 pages, Richard G. Badger, publisher.

Science and Belief in God, by Frederick J. Pack, Ph. D., Deseret Professor of Geology, University of Utah, 20 chapters, 270 pages; Deseret News, Salt Lake City; on sale at Deseret Book Co.

A Number of Baptisms in Denmark

The mission office force and elders in Copenhagen at conference, October 21, are shown in the picture. We had large meetings here as well as in Aarhus and Aalborg. Many strangers were present and a good spirit prevailed. We have had a number of baptisms lately and the prospects are good for the future. The elders of this mission enjoy the *Era* very much.



Elders, left to right, back row: Kye E. Jorgensen, Storrs, Utah, released; Miss Karla Hansen, mission secretary, local; Julius Bruun, Salt Lake City; Louis Hansen, local; O. J. Falstav, Benson, Utah, released. Front row: John S. Hansen, Salt Lake City, mission president; Miss Muriel Hansen, Mrs. Anna J. Hansen, president Relief Societies; Emil Anderson, Logan, Utah, conference president.—President John S. Hansen.

Mutual Work

Bulletin No. 3

This is a new book in paper covers containing one hundred pages brim full of concrete suggestions on Leadership, special programs, drama, music, social dancing and dance direction. Published by the General Boards M. I. A. Order from the General Office Y. M. M. I. A., 67 South Temple, Salt Lake City. Price 15c.

Fathers and Sons' Outings

Many are looking forward to the camping season, to the hikes, the swims, the games and the sleeping out-of-doors experienced in the fathers and sons' outings of the Y. M. M. I. A.

A folder of sixteen pages has been issued by the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., and distributed to the officers of the organization, containing instruction and inspiration, programs and games, for these pleasant activities for the coming summer, in which fathers and sons become better acquainted and an opportunity is given for co-operation, counsel and companionship between them. As usual, we are asking for live, active pictures of these outings and a short account from each of the stakes, giving the number of participants and a general report of the trip. Photographs showing activity and that are reproductions of unusual scenes, with descriptions, are solicited. These will be used as far as we can find space in the *Improvement Era* from time to time. Unusual happenings should be incorporated in the reports.

Important for Y. M. M. I. A. Leaders

On Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, April 6, the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. met with the General Superintendency and Board at the Bishops' building. Superintendent Richard R. Lyman conducted the meeting. Elder Louis S. Pond of Bannock stake offered the opening prayer. A quartette composed of members of the General Board sang the "M" Men's contest quartette number, "Praying For You." Superintendent George Albert Smith was absent owing to illness. The speakers were Elder Bryant S. Hinckley, on Fathers and Sons' outings; Elder Thomas Hull, on the "M" Men's work; Elder Oscar A. Kirkham, executive director, who briefly outlined a number of activities for the coming season; and Assistant Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard commended the young people for their support of the *Improvement Era*, stating that the magazine had now a circulation of over 20,000 monthly. There was a fifteen-minute general discussion, and Henry D. Moyle of South Cottonwood offered the benediction.

The following items relating to important activities now before the officers of the organizations were given at the meeting:

1. Fathers and Sons' Outings. Interest given to this movement in the past is assuring that this will be a banner year for Fathers and Sons' outings. Kindly report to us at your very earliest opportunity where and when you expect to go and who will be in charge of the work.
2. The Senior department and "M" Men's work. Special emphasis should be given to the care which should be taken in organizing baseball and other athletic leagues for the summer period, appealing to our general officers to give the "M" Men an opportunity to assume leadership, and also appealing to them to maintain our moral and spiritual standards.
3. For Senior contest work for "M" Men, see Y. M. M. I. A. *Hand Book*, 1923 edition. The starred stake is to take the initiative in getting the districts to-

getner for their final tryouts. Contestants limited to ages 17-23—23 years June 1, or any time thereafter during the year. Points for judgment for public speaking and quartette singing are found in the *Hand Book*. The quartette number, "Praying For You," 10c per copy, on sale at Daynes-Beebe's music store, Salt Lake City.

4. Appeals were made for prompt delivery of the annual statistical reports to the general office.

5. The organization of scouting in southern Utah and eastern Nevada was reported accomplished. The two men sent into this territory by the National Organization are Golden Kilburn and W. B. Hawkins.

6. Keeping the M. I. A. active, emphasizing community pride, M. I. A. day, and monthly joint Sunday evening sessions were emphasized. *Bulletin Number 3*, on Recreation, 15c per copy, was referred to with its wealth of material.

7. The June M. I. A. Conference dates have been set for June 6, 7, 8. Earnest appeal was made for every officer of the Y. M. M. I. A. to try and be present at this great annual event.

8. Suggestion was made for a Y. M. M. I. A. Officers' Outing. It was thought that some time during the summer months men who are in the leadership of the Y. M. M. I. A. would be visiting one of the great national parks. If a date could be set when M. I. A. workers might meet at one of these great parks, it would prove a very inspirational and helpful occasion to have one or two great spiritual meetings and a campfire program. If any of the officers of any stake are interested in this activity, kindly report about when they expect to visit Bryce, or Zion, or Yellowstone National Parks.

Life's Visions and Purposes

Closing Exercise for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1923-24

Lesson XXIV—An Abundant-Life Banquet

1. *Physical*—In charge of a committee on refreshments.

2. *Intellectual*—a. One worthwhile quotation from each of the last twelve lessons of the course. b. A wit and humor contest by five ladies and five gentlemen.

3. *Ethical*—Prize moral-story contest, original or retold, by one man and one woman. (Each story limited to five minutes.)

4. *Spiritual*—Testimony bearing: a. By one veteran woman and one veteran man, not members of the class. b. By one brother and one sister member of class. (Guests' testimonies limited to seven minutes each, and members' testimonies limited to five minutes each.)

5. *Social*—a. Expressions of appreciation to the class leader. b. Response by the class leader.

6. *Industrial*—Our summer M. I. A. service: a. An outline by the class president. b. Resolution of the class, concerning summer work.

7. Some Suggestions—

1. Arrange with the Ward M. I. A. presidents to be excused from attendance at the ward preliminary exercises this one evening in order that the class may have the whole evening to itself.

2. The place of meeting might be at the home of some member but in the event that a public building is chosen a committee on preparation and reception will be needed.

3. Send special invitations to the ward authorities and M. I. A. officers and to all those who have enrolled in the class, courteously requesting their presence.

4. Make the class leader the chief guest of honor for the evening.

5. The Advanced Senior Class members can render splendid service in the direction of encouraging and teaching support actively taking part in putting over the Fathers and Sons' Outings, the Bee-Hive work, Mothers and Daughters' Outings, the monthly joint meeting programs, and in making a great success of the M. I. A. Day. A joint resolution passed by the class at this final meeting, will at least place the class on record for progress.

Give publicity of the event to local newspapers and send a report to the editors of the *Era* and *Journal*.

Leadership School in St. George

Wayne C. Gardner, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A. St. George stake, informs the *Improvement Era* that on the 9th of March the stake officers made the last spring visit to the wards of that stake in the interest of the Y. M. M. I. A., which completed their annual visit. The "M" Men's work is not as well up to the standard as they would like to have it. During the anniversary week they had a leadership class in St. George of which they were indeed proud. Twenty-six young men of the college were enrolled and a number of young men besides, were chosen from the different wards of the stake who were asked to take part in the course. He is confident that a great amount of good will be accomplished by these young men representing the various wards upon their return home with the vision and purpose of scout work in mind.

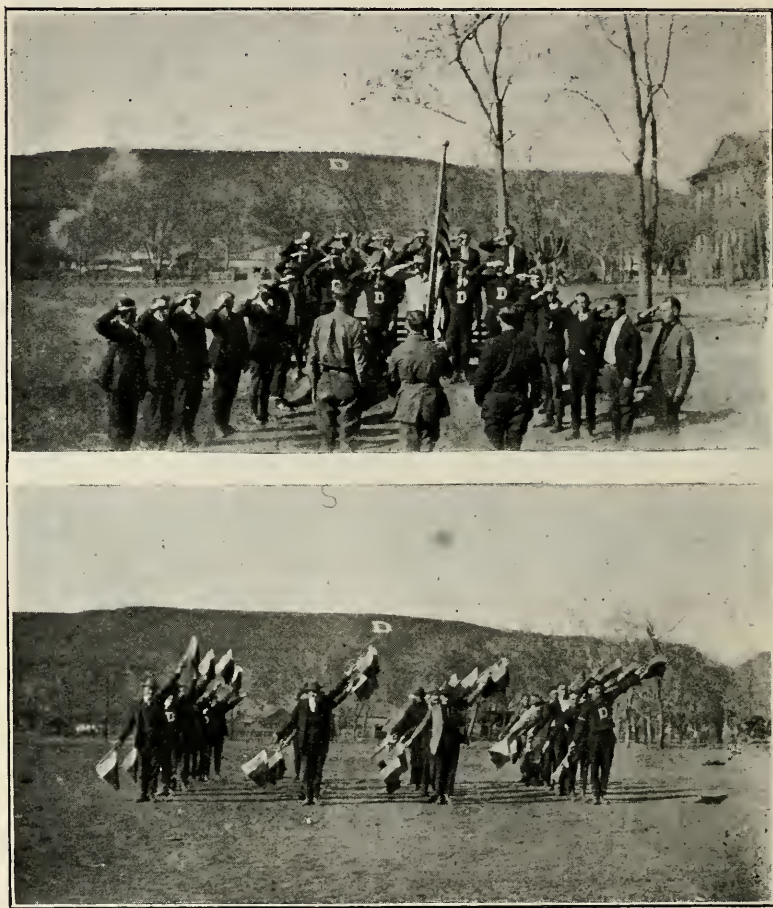
During the anniversary week a special program was given in the col-



Top: Fireman's Rescue. Bottom: Junior Band

lege devotionals, and during each morning there was a special performance from the various patrols in the class. On Saturday afternoon at the close of the anniversary week the scout leadership class and the troops from the different wards engaged in contests upon the public square. The Junior band, under Professor Earl J. Bleak, furnished the music. On Saturday evening there was a bonfire meeting on the public square at which a splendid program was given consisting of stories and games of different kinds.

The Sunday afternoon meeting was conducted, being a leadership class, under the direction B. Glen Smith at which there was a very large and



Top: Leadership class, St. George. Bottom: Semaphore signaling, leadership class.

attentive audience. Much good was accomplished in the way of converting parents to the value of scout work. Pictures of the leadership class, the band, and one of the performances on firemen's rescue accompany the article. "The wards in the stake have been given their allotment for the building of our summer home in Pine Valley, and we expect to start work there this spring."

New California Superintendent of Sunday Schools and M. I. A.

Five Sunday school conventions have recently been completed in the California mission under direction of Supt. Gustive O. Larson, assisted by Elder Joseph G. Jeppson, as follows: Oakland, Feb. 17; Sacramento, 24; Fresno, March 2, and San Diego, March 9. At these conventions twenty-six Sunday schools were represented. Special convention programs were prepared adapted from those of the General Board. Each convention consisted of a Teacher-Training session, Sunday school session, Departmental session, and a general assembly in the evening. The Teacher-Training was conducted under direction of Elder Jeppson, and department leaders were carefully selected, by each conference president, for each department. Roll call of officers and teachers showed a good representation of workers, many of whom traveled over one hundred miles to be in attendance. Brief reports were given by local superintendents and Sunday school messages were presented by the visiting officers. Special M. I. A. and Sunday School officers meetings were held in the branches during the weeks intervening between conventions. These were held as follows: Vallejo, San Francisco, Palo Alto, Monterey, Roseville, Gridley, Yuba City, and Stockton.

Elder Joseph G. Jeppson has been appointed as superintendent of the California Mission Sunday schools and Y. M. M. I. A. to succeed Supt. Gustive O. Larson, whose release became effective, March 25.

Good Team; Noble Work

"M" Men's Baseball team of Winder ward, Cottonwood stake, who won the stake pennant recently. These young men made it a rule of their



Names, from left to right, back row: Kenneth Sutherland, 1st B.; Roy Gunderson, R. F.; Eugene Erickson, 2nd B.; Buss Cook, L. F.; Ray Lemmon, 3rd B. Front row: Melvin Cornwall, P.; Vaughn Miller, P. and S. S.; Walt Peterson, 3rd B.; Howard Gunderson, C.; Edward Jones, President of "M" Men C. F.

organization that all members of the team should observe the word of wisdom, and that there should be no swearing or vulgar language during any of their games. They were able to keep their pledge.

During one of the games Vaughn Miller was sliding to first base, slipped and fell, suffering a broken leg. The M Men immediately organized a committee and collected enough money to take care of the doctor bills and other expenses. Then they joined with the Gleaner Girls and held a surprise social at the Miller home, where they presented Vaughn with a check, and enjoyed themselves with games and refreshments.

Preaching the Gospel of Better Recreation

Granite stake answered the call of the General Boards of the M. I. A. with eighty delegates to the eight weeks' course in recreation held last winter at the Deseret Gymnasium.

This body of enthusiasts partook of the spirit of the work and entered into the various departments determined to know what constitutes successful recreational endeavor. They returned to their stake ready to pass on to the home folks the lesson learned at headquarters, realizing that real benefits come from practical application of the principles outlined and demonstrated during the course. It was their unanimous opinion that Granite stake would benefit more from a course to be given to our stake and ward workers, if the stake were divided into districts, hence the decision to divide the stake into four districts as follows:

District One: East Mill Creek, Wilford, Highland Park and Wandamere met at Wilford recreation hall.

District Two: Farmers, Miller, Burton and Waterloo met at Farmers.

District Three: Forest Dale, Sugar House, Parleys and Wells met at Forest Dale.

District Four: Richards, Emerson, Hawthorne and Wasatch met at Richards.

In each district one evening was devoted to music and special activity work and the next to dance demonstration and instructions. Through the untiring efforts of efficient workers and instructors and the co-operation of the ward and stake officers, the work was handled in a very satisfactory manner and was a big success. Every ward was well represented, the Stake Presidency, High Council, Bishoprics of various wards, all stake and ward auxiliary organizations sending representatives. In all, there were about five hundred people in attendance. Through the courtesy of the bishops of the four wards we had the use of their recreation halls free of charge, and were thus in a position to eliminate expense and give the course without cost to the people.

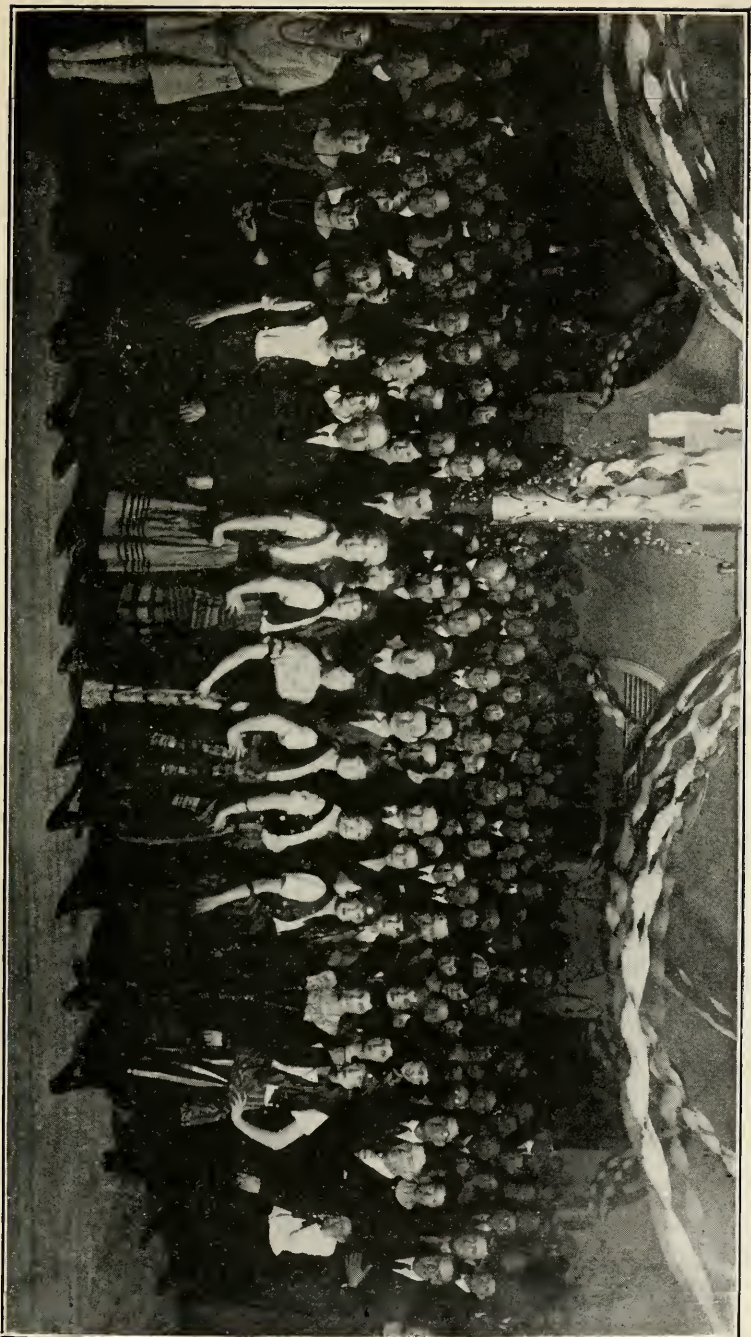
While the recreation spirit was still strong the Stake M. I. A. proceeded to hold a road show, which they called a "Merry-go-Round" and for which the stake was divided into two circuits with programs as follows:

Circuit No. 1: Wilford ward—Dusky Four. Wandamere—Our Jewish Friend from Wandamere. Forest Dale—The Spirit of the Age (With Apologies to Mis-civilization). Wasatch—Follidolls. Hyland Park—Four Hicks from the Sticks. Sugar House—Long and the Short of It, Heap-O'-Fun—Leah Yates.

Circuit No. 2: Burton ward—Guess-Who, Whiz Dance. Emerson—Musical Fantasy. Richards—The Snow Storm. Hawthorne—Hawthorne Blossoms. Waterloo—Irish Jig. Wells—Harmonious Vocalians. Farmers—Mirthful Minutes (Stewart, Whittaker & Stewart). Big Surprise Act—E. R. Kimball.

Fill-in numbers for the stake consisted of monologues, songs, whistling solos, dance acts, etc. The wards each furnished sufficient fill-in acts to take up all time not occupied by the traveling companies.

It was made a contest in order to create interest and the winning num-



At the Annual M. I. A. Party, Granite Stake Recreation Hall. Showing in the front the Hawthorne Blossoms, the Winners in Circuit No. 2.

bers were reproduced at the stake house at the annual M. I. A. party, which was held Saturday, March 8.

In the road show there were eighteen traveling troupes, 52 local acts, or more than 250 people taking part, 35 autos in transporting people from ward to ward and it was accomplished without delay, or accident and practically on schedule time. There were about 2500 people in attendance and who were entertained in the thirteen wards participating. The stake and ward Standards committees handled the judging in a most efficient manner and reported immediately after the entertainment to a central committee, who in turn notified the winning numbers by midnight.

To put a finishing touch to the work the following program was later given at the stake tabernacle at the annual M. I. A. party, at which over 600 people attended.

Program

Selections by the Orchestra (during the assembling of the people). *Prince of Pilsen*; *Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses*; *There was Once a Owl*. *Happy Day*; *Blossom Time*. *Wasatch Follidolls* (Winning number from Circuit No. One). *Musical Odds and Ends*—Miss Lillian Mortimer. *Dutch Dialect*—Louis Kimball. *Granite Stake in the Movies*. *Hawthorne Blossoms* (Winning number from Circuit No. Two). *Swanee Singers*.

Special Activity: Formation march; How do you do, friend, neighbor, grand right and left; Yankee Doodle; Balloon Relay; Hoop Relay; Waltz; Refreshments; the balance of the evening was spent in dancing.

The people of Granite stake and visitors, including members of the General Board of the M. I. A. pronounced the party very successful and most enjoyable.

Utah Stake Recreation Road Show

A unique, competitive performance was arranged for every ward in Utah stake, Tuesday, March 25, at 8 o'clock. The entertainment was called a "Road Show" because entertainers traveled from one ward to another, performing in several different wards in the one evening.

The schedule was arranged so that a continuous entertainment was given in each of the twenty odd wards of the stake. In each division a prize was given to the best troupe, judgment being given on the basis of promptness in confirming the schedule, choice of selection, execution, etc. The program presented by the different wards follows:

Provo First—Ruth Pierpont and Mildred Jones in a duet dance, and a reading by Mrs. Sterling Ercanbrack.

Provo Second—Playlet, "So This Is Venice," followed by a comic male quartette.

Provo Third—One act reading by Ruth Perkins and "The End of a Perfect Day," by a colored quartette.

Provo Fourth—A song and dance, "In a Colonial Garden," and the Aeolean string trio.

Provo Fifth—Irish act and monologue.

Provo Sixth—"The Woman's Home Companion" and musical novelties from a quart cup.

Manavu—Duet dance, Huish sisters, and a monologue, Edmund Evans.

Pioneer—King Tut Minstrel band and a dialogue.

Bonneville—"A Bit of Coquetry," and Bonneville Peerless quartette.

Sharon—"Bobbie's Misfortune," and a musical stunt.

Timpanogos—Velma Nelson in a dance number, followed by the Timpanogos male quartette.

Grand View—A Japanese operetta, a reading and an orchestra number.

Pleasant View—Dialogue, "At the Door and a Xylaphone," and a piano duet.

Vineyard—Reading and the "M" Men's male chorus.

Springville First—Monologue, "Her Husband's Dinner Party," and a quartette musical dialogue.

Springville Second—"Springtime," and a dialogue.

Springville Third—Male quartette and a piano duet.
 Springville Fourth—"A Bachelor's Dream," and a Hawaiian organ.
 Mapleton—Reading and musical skit.
 Pleasant View—Dialogue. "At the Door and a Xylophone," and a piano duet.

Acceptable Movies

The following have been pre-viewed by the M. I. A. Committee and are especially recommendable for ward entertainments:

1. *Silas Marner*, 7 reels, featuring Fredrick Warde. A complete and satisfactory film on George Elliott's masterpiece. It has a special appeal for high school students, and for all ages, from the entertainment and classical point of view.
2. *Deliverance*, 7 reels, featuring Helen Keller. A great human drama in which one of the world's greatest women is portrayed. A drama of surprises and thrills. Has a lesson for the adult audience, and is pleasing to the children.
3. *A Duke for a Day*, 3 reels. A comedy-drama with a love story full of action. Amusing and well suited for entertainment.
4. *Through the Back Door*, 8 reels, featuring Mary Pickford. A very fine comedy-drama, with beautiful scenes and photography.
5. *Cricket on the Hearth*, 7 reels. The story of a toy maker and his blind daughter, a most interesting and entertaining screen version of Charles Dicken's play.
6. *Toilers of the Sea*, 6 reels. One of Victor Hugo's pictures with interesting and beautiful scenes, taken in the vicinity of the Bay of Naples, showing Mount Vesuvius and other volcanoes.
7. *Timothy's Quests*, 6 reels. A juvenile picture, a heart story, involving the story of an orphan.

Monthly Message to the "M" Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

XVII.—With a Higher Standard of Living Comes Increased Responsibility

The standard of living is higher today in the United States than in any country in the world because our conception of economic life is higher than that of other peoples, and this standard is rising steadily because with increased wealth and opportunities we demand the satisfaction of a greater number of wants. The subsistence and cultural wants have greatly increased especially in the last few decades. On every side the wants of the people have been multiplied and diversified. They demand more and better things. Requirements are larger than ever before and more varied and exacting. Better and more varied food than heretofore is generally demanded by workmen, as a result of a more educated taste; the standard of home conditions as to sanitation, light, heat, air, water and other conveniences has steadily advanced; formerly garments were worn until they became threadbare, nowadays they are discarded long before this condition appears; a broader and more general education is demanded, popular books and magazines and newspapers are almost included in the necessities of life; and the desire for social intercourse, in this day of general co-operation and interdependence, is greater than ever before. People want to mingle with each other, have more holidays and vacations. The growth of cities, the cult of fashion and the increase of education and of leisure have combined to bring about this advance of living standards.

As a result of this advance in the standard of living numerous problems face us. First the responsibility of the individual in the conduct of his daily actions has increased, that is, the individual is not supposed to sit down complacently and wait for economic and political transformation to take place, but on the contrary, he is supposed, by his own immediate be-

havior, to do something constructive and upbuilding. To add something through competent performance to his own particular occupation.

Second, the industrial development in the United States has increased the opportunities for personal efficiency and independence. Technical instruction for the young man has greatly improved; large industrial organizations are now training their younger employees for greater efficiency. In fact, in every kind of practical work nowadays special knowledge can be obtained, and it has its advantages. Even in farming it is of great worth. In this way, those possessing special gifts are being discovered and are stimulated to greater efficiency.

But though the lot of the individual has improved he has much to contend against. The battle in life is not over, and it would be a mistake to think that the individual has in any department of practical or intellectual work obtained complete personal independence. He still has much to contend with in his social, economic and intellectual environment. His independence is precarious. Though he is doing good work, he is not doing his best work; though he believes in himself, he does not believe enough. He is not imbued sufficiently with the idea that so far as he does his *best* work and only his *best* work, is he contributing to society what he ought.

In brief, then, what the individual needs more than anything else in this advanced economic world, is, perhaps, a completer faith in his own personal power, and a clearer understanding of his own opportunities and responsibilities. He needs to do better what he has been doing, with the conviction that it makes him a better man and a better citizen. Patriotism should be identified with his work. He should contribute to individual improvement by making himself a better individual. The individual, as well as the community, must be educated and uplifted chiefly by what the individual can and does do for himself.

Before one can serve his fellow man to the fullest, one must sense one's responsibilities and thoroughly qualify himself for them. To him to whom much is given much is expected. Today, as never before, the standard of living throughout all the ranks of population is on a higher plane, and with this economic advantage comes increased responsibility. Everyone who has the opportunity of doing faithful and fearless work and of doing it with ability, energy and excellence and does not, fails to do his duty and cheapens his own personality.

Keep Up Interest for April and May

The Committee of the Advanced Senior Class of the General Board have forwarded a letter of appreciation, approved by Supt. Geo. Albert Smith and President Martha H. Tingey, to the class leaders throughout the wards and stakes of the Church, to all who responded to their recent request for names and addresses. In it the committee expresses its appreciation of the efforts of the class leaders of this department of the M. I. A. movement which is a progressive part of the "marvelous work and a wonder" of the Lord, in the latter days. It concludes:

"In sending you this little note of approval and appreciation, we wish to encourage you to do your best to keep up the interest of the class and the attendance of the membership during the months of April and May. These months are the most difficult for the teacher to obtain results in these lines. Your general committee are busy at present in providing a new study for the next season, beginning in October. We hope to make the outlines and texts of such interest that the enthusiasm which you have displayed in the past may continue and increase until the Advanced Senior class in your ward shall be among the best and most paying in your community.

"We shall be glad to hear from you and render you any aid possible, directly or through the *Era* or *Journal*."

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report (Continued)

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Ex."	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	State and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mtgs. or Teacher.-T. Classe.	Total
Montpelier	8	4	4	1	5	5	5	5	4	4	45
Oneida	10	7	7	7	9	8	9	9	9	6	81
Pocatello	10	5	9	5	10	7	10	10	9	8	83
Raft River	6	10	8	6	3	2	5	5	2	2	49
Rigby	5	5	10	4	10	6	6	10	8	5	69
Shelley	9	6	7	5	8	7	6	7	8	8	71
Teton	7	10	10		10	10	7	10	8		72
Twin Falls	8	6	2	1	7	5	8	7	3	2	49
Yellowstone	10	10	5	4	7	5	6	8	7	4	66
Alberta	10	9	8	7	9	8	7	10	8	7	83
Juarez	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	98
Lethbridge	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	98
Los Angeles	10	10	10	7	10	9	10	10	10	10	96
Maricopa	10	7	8	10	10	10	9	9	8	8	89
Moapa	10	3	4	4	6	5	10	6	7	4	59
St. Joseph	10	6	10	5	9	9	6	10	6	6	77
Snowflake	10	6	5	6	9	8	4	10	2	5	65
Star Valley	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	94
Taylor	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	92

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, March, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	891	18	18	140	156	258	384	928	104	78	133	248	563
Bear River	488	12	12	103	217	150	201	671	69	80	72	94	315
Beaver	289	5	5	43	67	63	115	288	34	57	59	90	240
Benson	562	13	13	103	200	183	223	709	79	75	103	157	414
Box Elder	796	13	13	104	318	188	263	873	85	177	110	127	508
Cache	520	8	7	87	74	195	252	608	57	29	99	181	366
Carbon	360	10	9	60	120	68	166	414	30	40	22	50	142
Cottonwood	663	10	10	98	119	226	297	740	74	42	129	185	430
Deseret	418	11	9	80	198	95	143	516	51	108	99	92	350
Emery	555	11	4	36	26	75	87	224	23	12	29	95	119
Granite	1920	16	15	159	159	381	547	1246	132	83	193	414	822
Gunnison	286	7	7	49	79	105	102	335	32	42	29	53	156
Hyrum	500	10	5	47	57	61	82	247	35	25	39	57	156
Kanab	222	6	6	33	93	52	90	268	27	49	29	73	178
Logan	608	11	11	116	118	158	268	660	97	74	92	184	447
Morgan	192	8	8	58	85	85	79	307	50	47	56	47	200
Mount Ogden	529	6	6	51	109	138	225	523	37	42	73	131	283
Nebo	972	15	15	126	237	270	382	1015	96	93	128	239	556
North Davis	449	8	8	66	65	115	186	432	46	22	46	95	209
North Sanpete	764	10	8	61	89	191	278	619	46	43	113	176	378
North Sevier	165	6		45	135	72	115	367	30	97	48	70	245
North Weber	686	17	15	137	84	236	294	751	91	31	113	152	387
Ogden	796	10	10	86	116	233	275	710	60	54	137	184	435

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report (Continued)

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Attendance Senior	Junior Attendance	Total
Oquirrh	460	5	5	55	87	111	116	369	38	60	56	77	231
Pioneer	760	10	10	96	89	199	247	631	79	50	124	161	414
Parowan	470	8	7	59	138	92	206	495	41	70	43	145	299
Roosevelt	304	10	10	80	74	94	113	361	57	50	55	69	231
St. George	655	15	15	119	152	230	261	762	72	118	133	154	477
Salt Lake	1078	12	12	131	117	168	337	753	107	74	91	258	530
San Juan	220	5	5	32	59	71	88	250	27	31	43	51	152
Sevier	366	6	6	51	75	103	140	369	35	26	36	78	175
South Davis	499	8	8	62	73	137	219	491	48	30	68	115	261
South Sanpete	468	7	7	56	118	158	143	475	39	47	88	92	266
South Sevier	285	7	5	38	62	89	54	243	27	31	43	36	137
Summit	421	12	9	76	85	125	150	436	34	37	40	63	174
Tintic	237	4	3	22	56	46	63	187	15	29	23	39	106
Utah	1464	20	20	154	196	400	524	1274	115	124	235	374	848
Wasatch	394	9	9	63	113	132	122	430	42	65	69	76	252
Weber	658	8	8	79	122	134	247	582	62	50	70	136	318
Bannock	257	8	7	55	96	51	67	269	39	44	29	42	154
Bear Lake	334	11	11	72	105	104	167	448	52	54	60	93	259
Bingham	590	11	10	52	107	84	101	344	46	58	50	56	210
Blackfoot	533	11	11	91	160	150	118	519	63	88	84	70	305
Blaine	460	11	6	39	74	35	78	226	34	40	16	35	125
Boise	358	7	5	43	69	84	82	278	38	37	35	40	150
Burley	322	10	7	76	158	89	131	454	59	71	49	58	237
Cassia	208	5	5	41	94	49	93	272	27	48	20	40	135
Curlew	135	6	3	19	29	44	28	120	23	10	36	6	75
Franklin	441	11	11	111	109	200	134	554	73	40	91	67	271
Fremont	705	13	12	103	198	244	206	751	78	90	116	106	390
Idaho	213	12	8	72	93	29	90	284	60	52	12	48	172
Lost River	132	5	5	39	79	41	59	218	30	51	25	32	138
Malad	346	8	8	61	78	129	124	392	42	43	83	89	257
Montpelier	392	12	8	46	65	70	113	294	31	24	27	48	130
Oneida	365	11	8	59	122	94	98	373	38	62	53	53	206
Pocatello	412	10	10	97	94	174	141	506	63	34	82	83	262
Raft River	160	9	6	25	41	18	32	116	17	29	9	18	73
Rigby	500	14	7	52	61	46	83	242	27	26	36	39	128
Shelley	345	8	6	45	106	76	98	325	19	56	34	38	147
Teton	300	8	5	41	38	89	44	212	31	28	60	42	161
Twin Falls	198	7	6	32	62	25	56	175	29	27	16	33	105
Yellowstone	250	12	10	63	130	133	130	456	73	87	85	71	316
Alberta	350	11	11	80	130	116	168	494	63	66	60	122	311
Juarez	120	5	5	28	60	27	30	145	25	50	20	28	123
Lethbridge	205	10	8	68	103	59	75	305	52	48	35	75	210
Los Angeles	388	13	12	101	145	240	145	631	74	90	199	102	465
Maricopa	270	9	8	69	162	96	133	460	48	82	50	65	245
Moapa	213	7	4	56	75	48	94	273	22	13	14	30	79
St. Joseph	360	16	9	64	81	113	113	371	49	48	55	62	214
Snowflake	258	7	6	38	94	38	80	250	30	63	15	53	161
Star Valley	353	11	11	93	60	120	137	410	68	48	86	86	288
Taylor	336	6	6	57	99	106	153	415	42	57	62	85	246

The following stakes are unreported: Duchesne, Ensign, Garfield, Jordan, Juab, Liberty, Millard, Tooele, Uintah, Wayne, Portneuf, Bighorn, St. Johns, San Luis, Union, Woodruff, and Young.

Passing Events

General Robert Georges Nivelle, died, March 22, in Paris, of pneumonia, 67 years of age. He became famous for his matchless defense of Verdun during the world war.

Wm. G. McAdoo delivered an address in the Salt Lake Theater, April 7. He is a candidate for the presidency of the United States, seeking nomination on the Democratic ticket.

For a trip round the world in the air A. Stuart MacLaren and Sergeant Andrews, English flying officers, started, March 26, from Calshot, England. They go by way of Lyons, France, and Rome.

President A. W. Ivins was re-elected vice-president of the board of trustees of the Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, March 22, at a meeting at the Capitol. E. O. Howard was named vice-president.

The country's first helium reserve, comprising 7,100 acres of gas bearing lands in Emery Co., Utah, has been created by President Coolidge. Except for a few prospecting permits issued about three years ago, full mineral title to it is vested in the government.

The most rigid quarantine against California was established March 27, by proclamation of the governor of Utah, on account of the prevalence of mouth and foot epidemic on the coast. The quarantine includes chicks, nursery stock, and any commodity considered dangerous.

Honor was bestowed upon Prof. Levi Edgar Young, of the University of Utah, when he was made a member of the Authors' Club of London, the president of which is the English novelist, Sir Thomas Hardy. He was recommended for membership by Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Conan Doyle, and Sir Philip Gibbs.

The Colorado Utah Pacific railroad is the name of a proposed new railroad line, which may be formed by the consolidation of various long dormant railroad projects in California, Utah, and Arizona. It will be called the C. U. P. system for short. Offices have been opened in Los Angeles, Denver and Salt Lake, says a report from Los Angeles.

Attorney General Daugherty resigned March 28, at the request of President Coolidge. His resignation is a direct result of the U. S. Senate investigation of oil leases and various irregularities. The president took the position that the attorney general could not be a disinterested counselor as long as the investigation concerned him personally.

William H. Ingham died at his home in Salt Lake City, March 7, 1924, and was buried March 10, from the Richards ward chapel. He was owner of the Ingham Shoe company at Sugarhouse. He was also an active member of the L. D. S. Church, having acted as first counselor to Bishop J. A. Rockwood of the Richards ward for the past ten years.

To determine the effects of the tobacco habit, Mrs. Ellen Clark Henderson has placed \$1500 at the disposal of the Brigham Young University, to be used in research work along that line. The money is to be given to some scientific investigator who can and will spend his time gathering scientific statistics on the subject. The fund will be added to, if required, later.

Superintendent Aldus Dixon and Superintendent-elect Claude Lewis visited the Brigham Young University on March 17 and spoke briefly to the student body at the university chapel exercises. President F. S. Harris announced that all clubs and societies that partake of the nature of fra-

ternities or sororities are to be disorganized in the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Concerning the origin of the Indians, Mr. John P. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institution announced, March 17, his conclusion that the ancestors of the Indians had come from Siberia across Bering Sea, about 20,000 years ago. From Alaska, he says, they gradually proceeded down the Pacific coast and thence over all North and South America, an old hypothesis which has never been generally accepted.

There has been an increase of crime in Washington, D. C., during the past ten years of from 80 to 2,000 per cent, according to figures presented to congress by the police department of the city. This does not include violations of the prohibition law. Washington is said to be 2,000 per cent more murderous than London and 300 per cent more drunken than Paris, says Representative George Holden Finkham of Massachusetts.

El Escalante hotel was opened at Cedar City, March 29, with a banquet and ball, and appropriate speeches. President A. W. Ivins was one of the speakers. He outlined the travels of Father Velasquez de Escalante who in 1776 tried to establish a northern route from Santa Fe, N. M., to Monterey, Cal., and camped near Cedar City. He also spoke of the development of the southern part of Utah. The hotel has about 86 rooms with all modern improvements.

To begin the reclamation of the Salt Lake basin in Utah, the fact-finding committee, of which Dr. John A. Widtsoe is a member, on April 8 adopted as a part of its report a specific recommendation, that an appropriation of a million and a half dollars be made. The proposed irrigation project will cost, when completed, about \$12,000,000. The initial work suggested is the drainage of the Provo lake, widening the Jordan river, and improving the water in reservoirs for the reclamation of lands between the lake and Salt Lake City.

Two American archbishops were created cardinals, March 24, at a secret consistory at the Vatican, Rome. They are Patrick J. Hayes of New York, and George W. Mundelein, of Chicago. The pope, in his allocution declared America to be one of the favored "brothers" in the pope's "immense family," and that the American clergy and the American people responded to his appeal for the sufferers in Europe with a promptness and generosity which placed them in the first ranks, etc., and so he now rewarded America by elevating two of his prelates to the dignity of Cardinals.

William Nugent Lewis, son of Walter J. Lewis, many years manager of the Deseret Book company, and of Emily Elsmore Lewis, died, March 18, at the Fairmont apartments. Mr. Lewis was born September 27, 1883, in Salt Lake. For more than fifteen years he was associated with his father as assistant manager and buyer for the Deseret News book store. For the past four years he was proprietor and manager of the Magazine store, 237 South State street. He was nationally known among book dealers and was considered one of the best local authorities on books and magazines.

A Greek republic is proposed by the national assembly at Athens, in a resolution passed March 25. The resolution also provides for the banishment of the members of the royal family. The question will be decided finally by a plebiscite. The vote was taken after the celebration of the anniversary of Greek independence. During the voting a white dove, as an emblem of peace, was let loose inside the house and the speaker was crowned with a wreath of laurel. The plebiscite was taken April 13, and sanctioned, by a large majority, the establishment of a republican form of government in Greece.

The Soldiers' Bonus Bill was passed by the House of Representatives, March 18, by a vote of 355 to 54. It provides for a compensation of \$1.00

a day for home service and \$1.50 for foreign service. The first sixty days are not counted. A maximum of \$500 is allowed for home service and \$625 for service abroad. It is estimated that 3,038,283 ex-soldiers would be entitled to insurance policies and 380,583 to cash payments of \$50 or less, and that 865,741 would not receive any bonus, having served less than 60 days. The total cost of the bill is estimated at \$2,119,000,000, to be spread over a period of twenty years.

To travel around the world in the air, United States army airmen started March 17 from Clover Field, Santa Monica, Cal. Major Frederick L. Martin of Chanute field, Rantoul, Ill., was the first to leave the ground. He was followed immediately by Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith of Los Angeles, and Lieutenant Leigh Wade of Cosmopolis, Mich. A score of army and civilian airplanes followed as an escort and soon disappeared into the clouds to the north. The fourth plane was at Rockwell field, San Diego, delayed in delivery. Lieutenant Erik H. Nelson expects to join his companions at Portland or Seattle. The airmen expect to be back in the United States about Aug. 10, after a journey of 30,000 miles.

Hugo Stinnes, famous German financier, said to be the richest man in the world, died in Berlin, April 10, 1924. He was of Jewish descent and was born Feb. 12, 1870. He was a dominant figure during the world war, and accumulated a fortune estimated at more than a billion gold marks. But a month ago he broke down as a result of overwork and passed away after a short illness. We are told in the dispatches: "Hugo Stinnes had two favorite boasts. One was that he could buy anyone in Central Europe 'without missing the money,' and the other that he never saw the former German Emperor, and wouldn't have turned his head to look at him on the street."

Edith Buckwell Olze, born July 18, 1898, died in Los Angeles, March 15, 1924, leaving a babe about ten days old. She was the daughter of Albert E. and Catherine Buckwell, Salt Lake City, and was for three years, one of the faithful stenographers, mailing clerks and workers at the *Improvement Era* business office. She was married to Paul Olze some three years ago and leaves three children. The body was brought from Los Angeles on Thursday, March 20. Funeral services were held at the Twenty-seventh ward meetinghouse on Friday, 1 p. m., March 21, at which Bishop Joel Richards presided. The speakers were Junius F. Wells, Edward H. Anderson, and Moroni Snow of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., Elder Bowles and Bishop Richards.

For the "Mormon" Battalion monument ground was broken, April 15, on Capitol Hill. The monument will be thirty-five feet high and will be constructed mainly of Utah granite. Because its fine grain makes it more suitable for sculpture, Colorado granite has been selected for the heroic figures. The relief work will be in bronze. The legislature seven years ago appropriated \$100,000 for the memorial, to be matched by a similar amount raised by subscription. The commission now lacks approximately \$15,000 of the necessary \$100,000 to be subscribed. Governor Charles R. Mabey removed the first shovel full of dirt on the site given by the state, located on the southeastern part of the grounds. Mrs. Bell T. Davis, a member of the commission, read a poem written by her to commemorate the accomplishments of the "Mormon" Battalion people.

Brooding and Feeding Baby Chicks—The most important problem of the poultry-raiser during the spring and summer is raising a flock of vigorous pullets either to renew the flock or to put into the laying house the coming fall. Failure in this regard means a poor crop of eggs next fall and winter when the price is highest. Good care of the growing pullets from the time they are put into the brooder as baby chicks until placed in the laying house in the fall is just as important for profitable egg production

as the care given these pullets during the laying period. The problems of brooding and feeding baby chicks and the methods used and recommended by the Poultry Department of the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station are given in Circular No. 50 which is now in press. This publication may be obtained by writing to the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, Logan, Utah, and asking for Circular No. 50—*Brooding and Feeding Chicks*.

The report of the Dawes committee of experts on the rehabilitation of Germany and her ability to pay reparations was published April 9. Briefly stated the report suggests that, when the German financial condition shall have been restored, funds for reparations may be derived from three sources—from taxes, from the earnings of the railroads and from industrial debentures. It is expected that from these sources Germany will be able to pay 1,000,000,000 gold marks the first year; 1,220,000,000 the second year; 1,450,000,000 the third year, 2,000,000,000 the fourth year, and 2,500,000,000 the fifth year and thereafter, until the debt is paid. The report does not mention the Ruhr occupation, but it emphasizes the necessity of the economic unity of Germany "as defined by the treaty of Versailles, and free economic activity therein," and this can mean nothing less than a recommendation that France adopt a new policy towards Germany. The report will be made the basis of negotiations between the governments interested, and it seems to be viewed with favor. The German government, April 16, notified the reparation commission that it accepts the plan suggested as "a practical basis for a speedy solution of the reparation problems."

Lorenzo Sobieski Young died at Shelley, Idaho, March 28, at the age of 84 years. He is believed to have been the last of the original pioneers who entered Salt Lake Valley, July 24, 1847, under the leadership of Brigham Young. He was born in Nauvoo, and was a son of Lorenzo D. and Persis Godall Young. Mr. Young was a lad of about 7 when the company arrived in the valley and was one of the two children in the original party. He could remember but few incidents of the trek across the uncharted plains, but he was full of reminiscences of the early pioneer days of Salt Lake. His father, he claimed, built the first log cabin outside of the old fort in Pioneer square, Salt Lake. He often told of how rations ran short the first winter in the then barren desert and how he searched for roots of the sego lily and other plants which were edible. Mr. Young lived in Salt Lake until he was 21, then went to Payson, Utah, and later to St. George. He married Miss Sarah Platt in 1853. She died some years ago. Surviving are 10 of their 12 children and numerous grandchildren. He has resided at Shelley for approximately 11 years, moving to that locality to be near the majority of his children who reside in that section.

Henry William Lawrence died at his home in Salt Lake City on 5 April at the age of 88 years. He was one of the picturesque characters, whose ranks are rapidly thinning out, who knew this western country in its early days and who lived to see it grow out of its primitive conditions and attain its present high level of development, having first seen this mountain region, as a freighter, in 1852. Mr. Lawrence was born in the township of Pickering, near Toronto, Canada, on July 18, 1835. At the age of 15 he traveled to Illinois and entered a small town store, owned by his father. After several trips up and down the Mississippi in the role of freighter, he ventured West in 1852 and came as far as Salt Lake. He landed here in the spring and made his first home in the block where the Oregon Short Line station now stands. Later he bought the property where the new Auerbach company store is located. From the first he became an active real estate man, and settled on property just off Main street on First South street, the old McCornick bank corner, and various other sites on Main and State streets. He was one of the founders of the *Salt Lake Tribune* and active in various political movements against the Church, but he has always been held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens of all creeds and political colors.

C. Irwin Nelson, of Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, writes: "My companion and I express our appreciation for the *Era*. Some of our Saints here are subscribers and it is a great power for good among them. Other members and investigators receive their numbers eagerly. We know that the *Era* has aided in bringing many closer to the truth. We pray for its continued success."

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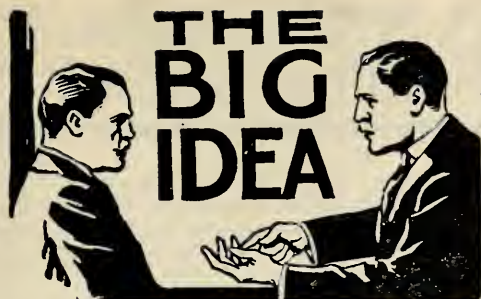
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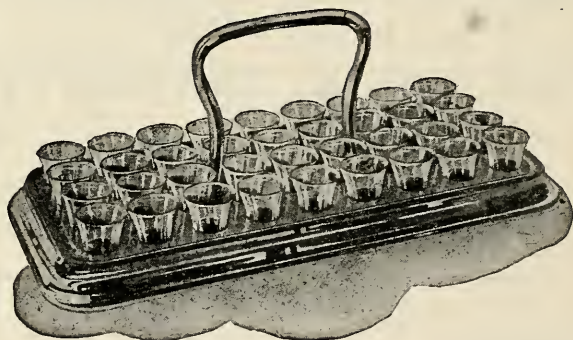
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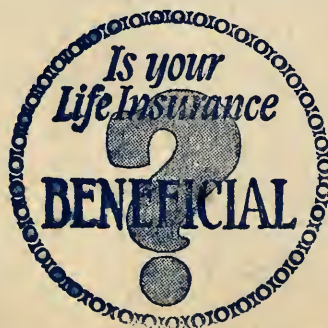
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